

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2996.—VOL. CIX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

WITH SIXPENCE.
SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6³/₄d.



THE LONGEST REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY: A GLIMPSE OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

From a Photograph by Mary Stoen.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The difference between the classes and the masses, while it has happily diminished of late among mankind, has increased in the dog world. It must be painful to the canine street-Arab, or the cur who has Bill Sikes for his master, to see the growing numbers of dogs in silver collars and fashionably cut coats, who from brougham and barouche "look down with scorn upon the wondering street." One can imagine their socialistic growls as these pampered pets go by them with mincing gait and tinkling bell. Here and there, there is a Punch dog in coat and hat, but he excites surprise rather than jealousy; just as the lower classes of humanity are amazed, but not indignant, to see persons of genius patronised by the aristocracy. The proportion of wealth to poverty is about the same among dogs as men—a few hundreds nursed in the very lap of luxury and thousands brought up coarsely and hardly, and not a few, alas! not knowing where to turn for a meal or a lodging. The dogs of the rich have long had a little burial-ground of their own at the corner of Hyde Park, with headstones and eulogistic epitaphs all complete; and now they are to have an exclusive chamber at Battersea in which to pass their last moments. At the Dogs' Home its inmates have hitherto been "put out of their misery" in a common lethal chamber, which "accommodates" almost any quantity, and where your dog can have his euthanasia for a shilling, but now there is to be a private apartment where dogs of quality breathe their last in solitary grandeur, admittance half-a-crown. The philosophic dog in humble life perhaps murmurs to himself, "Well, we shall be equal afterwards, whether we have a blooming lethal chamber to ourselves or not"; while the more emotional animal snarls that "he don't know that, and that there's a deal of comfort owing to him if everybody had their rights." The doctrine of metempsychosis seems to have its best illustration in dogs; if it be true, in what forms more fitting could the brutal and the vain be found, for example, than in the bulldog and the Italian greyhound? There are a dozen other such types in the canine world; moreover, the dog more than any other creature is man's companion—exposed to his caprices and ill-temper—and it seems an appropriate punishment to the *revenant* that he should receive the treatment from his hand which he once meted out to others. This supposes, of course, that the dog is all the time aware of his degradation, and feels the kicks but not the halfpence, the pinch of hunger and the slavishness of the silver chain. In the expression of the bloodhound and the St. Bernard—animals never ill-used—one sometimes sees a certain dignity of woe, a consciousness of humiliation, that suggests mysteries beyond our ken.

A barber, we are told, is now nightly shaving people in a den of lions at a circus in Johannesburg. It is spoken of as a most courageous act, and one that throws a halo on the profession. But not a word of admiration is expressed for the customers. Never, surely, was praise more misdirected. They are not paid for it by the circus proprietor, and in addition to the lions there is the barber. Even at the best of times, and even supposing he is not malevolent and can resist a homicidal temptation, there is always a risk about the operation; but with several lions looking on, and perhaps roaring, his firmness of touch may well be doubted, while the sight of a drop of blood is said to excite the king of beasts to frenzy. The attraction of the performance to the customer lies, one supposes, as in so many cases, in his being able to boast about it to his friends; but this must be mitigated by the reflection that unless they have seen it they will never believe it. "I was once being shaved in a den of lions," is too startling a commencement for the recital of a personal experience. That of Daniel the Prophet has justly aroused admiration, but if it had been stated that he had been shaved under the same circumstances it would have given a handle to the sceptic.

The erection of statues to our great men, no matter in what their greatness consisted, has always been a contentious business. Awhile ago "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" was the burning question of the day, and now it is "Shall Stevenson?" There is little similarity between the two (though the objection to both is with respect to their works), and I do not think they would have got on very well with one another. It is urged against Stevenson that a statue to him in Scotland, where it is proposed to erect it, would be inappropriate, because he has written disrespectfully of that country. I remember nothing of this, except that, being an invalid, he has alluded to the inclemency of its climate. Yet what could be more fit a punishment than that he should be exposed to it—on a pedestal, in Highland garb? To Southern readers the charge that he has said anything against his native land sounds strange indeed: to their ears his verse rings with praise of it; in no writer, indeed, since Scott, have the Highlands been painted more attractively or with a more loving hand. In the most pathetic of his poems he has even expressed his desire to be buried there. But this, perhaps, is not thought complimentary; the Scotch have such sensitive ears; he ought to have lived there, though, as a matter of fact, he could not have done it. However, it seems pretty certain that he will have a memorial of some

kind. Lord Rosebery, writing upon the subject with admirable common sense, reminds us that in all such matters the first to be considered are the wants of those the dead man loved and has left behind him. What a mockery is monumental brass when the family of him to whom the honour is done is in need of current coin! In Stevenson's case this consideration has, happily, no place; and the next question, as it seems to me, is what would probably have been his own wishes on the matter. Of course he never thought of any memorial, but the direction of his sympathies must have been known to those about him.

Dickens, to whom I see there is a proposition to erect a statue in the new recreation ground in the City Road on the site of the house where he passed his wretched youth, especially forbids this in his will. "I conjure my friends," he says, "on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience." Here we know, at all events, what to avoid; but such posthumous injunctions are necessarily rare, and, indeed, save in the case of transcendent genius, would be immodest. The idea of a statue to Stevenson, or anyone else, does not, I confess, commend itself to me; the risks are so great, as in a recent instance, of its failing (quite apart from its possible demerits as a work of art) to satisfy his friends in the way of likeness, in which case it would be a fraud upon posterity; and there is also the disagreeable feeling arising from seeing a statue exposed to rain and snow, as though the person it represents were not beyond the reach of discomfort. If a man has succoured and pitied the sick, what memorial could be more pleasing to him than a hospital, or a ward, or even a bed in it, dedicated to his name? If he has interested himself in ecclesiastical matters, what more appropriate than a painted window in his parish church? If he has adorned literature, why not a public library in the locality of his birthplace? If a counterfeit presentment should, on the other hand, be preferred, it seems to me that there is a greater chance of its being a success on canvas—in the National Portrait Gallery—than in "sightless [and perhaps unsightly] marble."

"What perils do environ" him who meddles with meteorological matters! One would really have thought that my statement about the bad weather that is said to follow when the new moon falls upon a Saturday might have escaped the lash, since it was given on the authority of another, and without any personal opinion being expressed either one way or the other. All that I had to do with it was to verify my informant's remark that the last new moon that fell upon a Saturday was on Aug. 8. And my almanack corroborated his statement. It was only a penny one, I admit; but have I not read in works by great novelists of the confidence that may be reposed in such humble publications for the foretelling of eclipses, which has been the cause of the preservation of beautiful maidens in the hands of savages? Well, it now appears that even almanacks are not to be trusted. Meteorologists and astronomers, and, for all I know, astrologists, have risen against me in their wrath, and denounced me for "making the thing that is not as the thing that is" to suit my own purposes. I select the least abusive of their communications: "The new moon, Sir, rather a special one, since it totally eclipsed the sun, occurred really on Sunday, Aug. 9. True, it happened on Aug. 8 according to astronomical reckoning, which makes the day to commence (and end) at noon, and that twelve hours after the beginning of the civil day; but as astronomers take no heed of the day of the week, the new moon undoubtedly took place on Sunday and not on Saturday." This mistake of mine (of mine!) will, this correspondent hopes, prove a warning to me against accepting, and more especially repeating, the fact of a dull and foolish person. The others are even more uncomplimentary; they are probably astronomers who write after the conclusion of their "civil day." It is curious that none of them question the theory of the effect upon the weather of a Saturday new moon: just as in the House of Commons a personal matter excites much more interest than an imperial one, these people prefer making hay of me to dealing with the question in hand.

An esteemed correspondent asks me to draw public attention to the peculiar views of *meum* and *tuum* entertained by the average gardener. My own man produces fruit and flowers when I want them, and in exactly the proper quantity, but he has nothing to do with spades and rakes, but keeps a shop in the neighbourhood. I know no more about the nefarious ways—doubtless inherited from "the old Adam"—of gardeners than of bimetalism, but it does seem very improper that they should sell the produce of their masters' gardens for their own profit. As my friend states, however, with great fairness, it does not probably strike the gardener that he is acting so dishonestly in the matter as it would anyone of another calling. A great deal of the success of a garden depends upon his own skill and intelligence, and there is perhaps some notion in his mind of a dual proprietorship. "Within reasonable bounds, and bearing in mind that it is impossible to maintain an equilibrium between production and consumption, it is one of those things of which one would rather not take

cognisance; but unfortunately it does not stop at the disappearance of superfluities, for the time comes when your best fruit goes, and only that with which there is something amiss remains for home consumption." It has been eulogistically observed of the poet that "his worst he kept, his best he gave," but this, it seems, is just what is objected to in a gardener, and especially since instead of giving it he sells it. What especially annoyed my friend, and not without reason, was that on inquiring of a fruiterer in town to whom he was unknown how he managed to procure such particularly fine grapes, he was informed that they came from his own gardener, who thus contrives to be that economical paradox, the producer and also the consumer.

It would seem rather a hopeless task to attempt to revive the "Spectator" of Addison's times, but it has been successfully accomplished in the "Saltonstall Gazette." We have, of course, to get over the initial sense of imitation, and perhaps of affectation, with which it strikes us; but that soon melts away in the sunshine of its wit and humour, while the adaptation of the work to modern times seems natural enough, and the old-fashioned style by no means a drawback. It is impossible for the editor of any Gazette to have a greater variety of contributors; and some of them are quite original. Here is an occupation, for instance, which is as novel to-day as it would have been in the time of Queen Anne—

Sir,—Being in want of employment, and having had it made pretty plain to me that if the presence of rivals hinder now and again marriage engagements, they bring about many more, I have gone to and fro for the last half-a-dozen years (engaged by mothers who would see their daughters established in life) as a Dummy Rival. Our sex, Sir, mostly but desiring what their fellows would also lief have, my offices, with scarce an exception, result in the signing of settlements and marriage registry books. On receiving a communication from a client I frequent balls, etc., and pay on every opportunity assiduous court to the object of the procrastinating lover's admiration. Being of pleasing exterior, a man of parts and of family, the jealousy of the "laggard in love" is instantly aroused, and his sentiments consequently converted from lukewarm to fever heat. And so long, Sir, as masculine nature remains as it is, I have little doubt that a comfortable livelihood will be mine.

The matters treated of extend not only from the musical glasses to Shakspeare, but to the life that persons lead in the next world. I do not remember in any of the commentators of the Bard of Avon, though one would have thought they had exhausted the subject, the suggestion that Ophelia was never mad at all, but only pretended to be so in order to attract Hamlet. She threw herself in the water in a pet, convinced that he would pull her out in time, and never would have hung her wreath upon the willow if she had not meant to come out again and wear it. "If Shakspeare had been a woman he would have seen through her." This is, of course, the view of a lady contributor, and we may set down the following opinion of the apple affair to one of the same sex. She was an unselfish soul, who, finding the fruit delicious, shared it with her husband; but if he had found it, he would have behaved very differently. "He would have eaten up all himself, telling her that it was not, he knew, what she would care for."

The philosophy with which folks regard the misfortunes of their friends was never more pleasantly conveyed than by one of this editor's esteemed contributors, nor the vulgarity of Freethinking more humorously handled than by another. But the gems of the Gazette come from the Elysian Fields, where one lady complains that her old friends are often quite unrecognisable, because the little peculiarities for which alone they had been remarkable in this world have quite disappeared; another, that there are no topics of conversation with half the people. "Bella, for instance, without her ill-health, seems nothing, and the observation with which one always used to meet her: 'Well, and what does Dr. Todd say now?' cannot, under the new conditions of life, be made use of." The most amusing grievance-monger is, however, the fashionable dame who complains that her husband, who has been a scholar, will persist in introducing her to old authors, with whose very names she is unacquainted. Shakspeare, of course, she knows something about, but she does not think him "altogether the sort of man one has been accustomed to ask to dinner; she would not have allowed Frances and Beatrice to run the risk of marrying beneath them by becoming acquainted with him, and she doesn't see why one should lower one's standard and know people here one would not have known on earth." She complains, not without reason, that her husband has "no tact even for a man, and without the least preparation will say suddenly, 'My dear, this is Herodotus.'" The Gazette, indeed, is full of wit and wisdom, though it is too long, and too much occupied with old recipes, a very doleful kind of entertainment. Not the least amusing portions of the book are the advertisements. "To the charitable: Would anyone help an orphan to laugh at her grandfather's jokes? She is dependent upon his favour for a livelihood." "Household receipt wanted: Would anyone kindly send the advertiser a good receipt for currying favour?" Again, "The advertiser's ship having come home, he has no longer any use for his very ingratiatory smile, and would effect a change with a needy man anxious to dispose of a gruff manner." Finally (though there are personal reasons why I do not think this so very funny), "A confirmed invalid would give his air-bed and carrying-chair for a little hope."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

"The mere convention of the Stage." Those are the words dinned into my ears week in and week out; words that have been proved over and over again to be utterly fallacious; words that, by the assistance of croakers and faddists, have conspicuously retarded the progress of the stage; words that prove that those who use them know nothing whatsoever of the primary principles and conditions of stage-manufacture; words that have hindered dramatic advancement; words that have helped to secure the ruin or stunt the growth of brilliant men. These are the fatal words that overwhelm me with amazement. If I go into a drawing academy or a painting school I am taught, or ought to be taught, that one of the primary conditions of an artistic career is that I should be able to draw a straight line, or that I should not suffer from colour-blindness. It is the accepted convention of pictorial art that pupils should in the first instance understand the mere elements of draughtsmanship and the value of colour. The man or woman who cannot draw, or who cannot accept or realise the conditions and conventions of the schoolmen, is of no use whatever as a student of the Royal Academy. Such a student must swallow the conventions of this branch of art and accept the dogma of his teachers, or throw up the sponge. A mathematician must accept blindly convention, acknowledged truth, and dogma. He must not argue, he must accept certain formulas and examples as proved, and solemnly abide by them. Again, take the case of a musician or a neophyte in the art of music. The laws of harmony are as accepted and proved as the laws of perspective or colour. And they are bound to be accepted as proved, or the musician may just as well burn his favourite instrument, and take to hoeing turnips. If the musical student refuses to go through the drudgery of learning scales—which is one of the principal conventions of the musical art—Professor Mackenzie, or anyone else as I take it, will have nothing to do with him, and will send him promptly about his business. But according to the modern theory, proved wrong up to the hilt, according to the preposterous tenets which have led most of our brilliant dramatists up a blind alley, the drama is to be the one and only art free from the convention which is the very grammar and essence of dramatic art. This is what I read duly set down and written by one of the new school, who has preached the horror of convention *ad nauseam*, and has proved himself to be the most obstinately conventional dramatist now living—

And Ibsen, and the new drama? It is rash to prophesy, but it seems likely to be a long while before Ibsen takes any hold of the British public in his own person; but of his influence—though there may be a kind of reaction for the moment—one needs not to doubt the power or the endurance. To take but one example: the man who wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is never likely to go back to the mere conventions of the stage, nor would the public who remembered her forgive him for such a backsliding. Nay, even the dramatic critics—and however you may condemn them they exist, doubtless for some useful purpose—even they would protest if he took their advice, and "wrote down" to the imagined tastes of a hypothetical public.

But I shall leave "Mrs. Tanqueray" severely alone, and take the case of the successful adaptor of the novel "The Prisoner of Zenda," who has given us one good play at the St. James's, and promises another at the Haymarket ere long. Presumably, this amiable gentleman was called into the counsels of Mr. Anthony Hope and of Mr. Stanley Weyman wholly and solely because he was conventional, because he understood the grammar, the alphabet, and the accepted conditions and conventions of the stage, because he had been an actor, and was consequently the best kind of adviser a novelist could obtain. And I will prove my case out of Mr. Edward Rose's own work. What on earth could be more conventional than the first act of "The Prisoner of Zenda"? This was a mere superfluous and unnecessary pandering to convention. The novel did not want it. The play demanded it less. A mere prologue is the helpless effort of the clumsy and distrustful dramatist. A prologue of this kind is convention run mad. It is an exploded and effete convention, more conventional than time itself. A dramatist who understands the grammar of the stage art does not require prologues in order to describe what dialogue and characterisation can do for him ever so much better. Dramatists like Sardou do not need interpolated prologues, but they clearly understand, as does Mr. Edward Rose, and no one better, that it is one of the strictest conventions of the stage to start a story with the main facts of the case, to fling, as it were, the entire plot into the face of your audience, to hide nothing, to make the people feel that they are the conscience of the play, and that no one knows anything about it except themselves. What is this, pray, but stage convention?

I saw a very successful play in Paris the other evening, which would have been even better than it is if the author of it had pinned his faith to the "mere convention" of his ancestors. Pierre Decourcelle, the author of "Les Deux Gosses," is the son of a dramatist, and the nephew of old d'Ennery, one of the very finest dramatists of the century. But had the uncle revised his nephew's manuscript, he would have shown him exactly where he went wrong simply because he did not follow the convention or grammar of the stage. Look after your female interest. A stage convention. M. Decourcelle has neglected it. Don't involve your story. A stage convention.

The author of "Les Deux Gosses" has not heeded it. Don't introduce unnecessary or irrelevant incident. A stage convention; but we do not find the maxim applied to "Les Deux Gosses." But, luckily for our London spectators, the skill of the practised and conventional dramatist in George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley will be brought to bear on the doubtless clever work of Pierre Decourcelle. They will do for "Les Deux Gosses" exactly what Mr. Edward Rose has done and will do for the novels of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman. They will riddle it with convention, and make it thereby, I sincerely hope, a triumphant and sure success, and not a ludicrous failure. In fact, they are employed, as Mr. Edward Rose is employed, on "novel-butchery," as skilled and trained workmen, and not as fussy, faddish amateurs.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER.

The President of the British Association this year is Sir Joseph Lister, Bart., one of the greatest, probably the greatest, benefactor that mankind has ever had. His name will be remembered as long as science lasts, for his antiseptic method of treating wounds is the greatest discovery in medical science, and in history he will take his place beside Harvey and Edward Jenner. Sir Joseph is sixty-nine years of age, and is an Englishman by birth. He was educated at University College, London, from which he graduated B.A. in 1847, and M.B. in 1852.

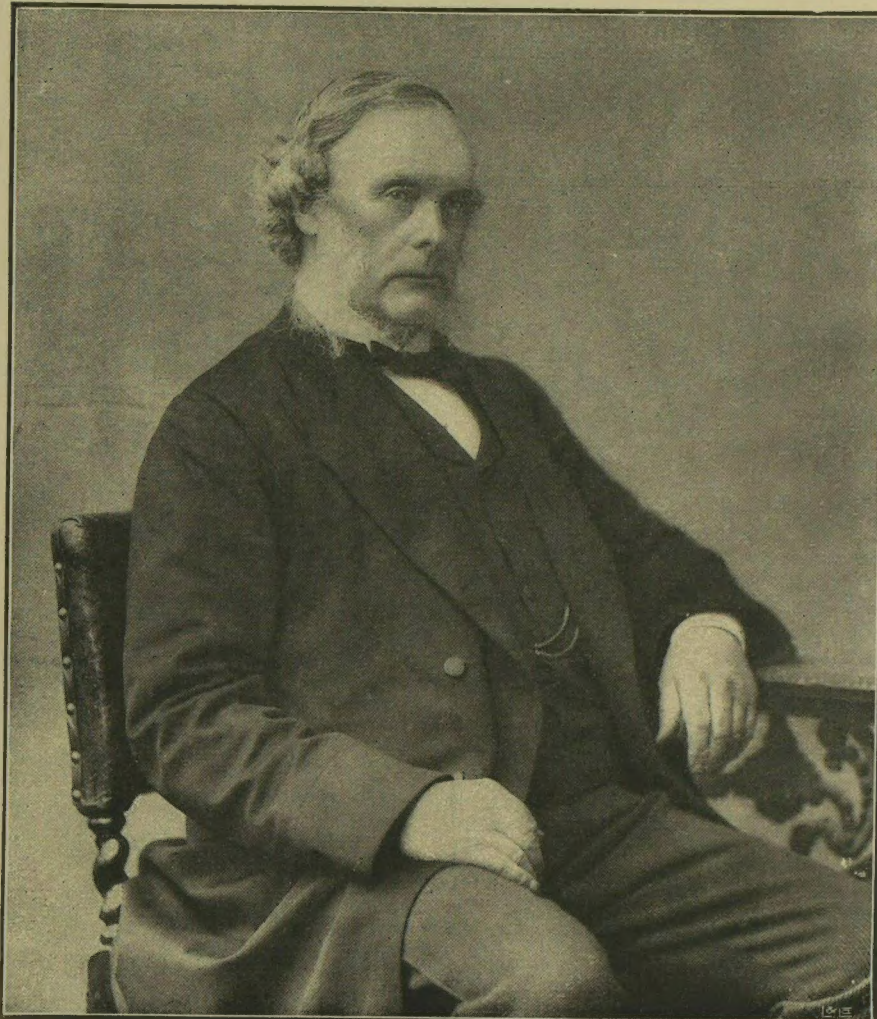


Photo Barraud, Oxford Street.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER, BART., D.C.L., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THIS YEAR'S MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT LIVERPOOL.

Subsequently he studied at Edinburgh under the famous Syme, whose daughter he afterwards married. He filled the posts of Extra Mural Lecturer on Surgery in Edinburgh, and Regius Professor of Surgery in Glasgow, and it was in the latter town that he began his great antiseptic system which has revolutionised surgery. At first his views were not generally accepted, but as years have gone on, the system has come into greater and greater favour, and is now universally practised in one or other of its forms. On leaving Glasgow he became Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, and he succeeded Sir William Ferguson as Professor of Surgery at King's College, London. Three years ago he retired from professional life. In 1883 he was created a Baronet, and last year he was raised to the highest position science can offer—President of the Royal Society.

DR. NANSEN'S HOME-COMING.

The return of Dr. Nansen from his long and daring voyage of discovery is still a topic of absorbing interest, and the home-coming of the gallant Norwegian, who has become an international hero, has naturally been celebrated by his fellow-countrymen with fervent enthusiasm. Early on the morning of Sept. 9 the *Fram* was met in the fiord, while still some distance from Christiania, by a squadron of battle-ships and no less than seventy large vessels bearing passengers. Under this imposing escort Dr. Nansen's now historic vessel passed up the fiord through an avenue of other vessels into the Pipenvick harbour, her progress being greeted the while with the booming of cannon salutes and ringing rounds of cheers. When the *Fram* had reached the harbour, Dr. Nansen and his companions were rowed ashore by boys from the training-ship *Christiania*. On the quay they were received by the chief civic dignitaries of the Norwegian capital, and made a veritable triumphal procession thence

to the Royal Palace, the dense crowds which thronged the gaily decorated streets being vociferous in their welcome. On their arrival at the Palace, Dr. Nansen and his companions were most graciously received by King Oscar and the Crown Prince, and were subsequently entertained at a brilliant dinner party given by his Majesty in their honour. A touching incident was the meeting of Dr. Nansen and his little daughter, but three and a half years old, who, with her grandmother, has been staying at the Palace. Sundry public festivities on ensuing days, unfortunately, spoilt the harmony of the occasion. The Swedes very rightly resented the conduct of the Norwegian Radicals in making an offensively political demonstration at such a time, and King Oscar was naturally indignant when he found himself invidiously identified with the Norwegian party to the disparagement of his Swedish subjects. It is to be hoped that Dr. Nansen's expressions of regret and his promise to avoid political partisanship in the future have by this time allayed the lamentable ill-feeling. We give an Illustration of the farewell of Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen to their comrades on the *Fram* as they started on their intrepid journey into the unknown.

THE BRITISH ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

Although the unfavourable atmospheric conditions which prevailed at Vadsö and other points of observation at the time of the recent solar eclipse were the cause of considerable disappointment to Sir Robert Ball and other eminent astronomers, the several members of the British Government Eclipse Expedition who proceeded to Novaya Zemlya on Sir George Baden-Powell's yacht, the *Otaria*, were more fortunately able to make successful observations of the corona and spectrum and the chief phenomena generally by which a total eclipse is characterised. The party escorted by Sir George Baden-Powell in his yacht included Mr. Shackleton, Mr. Stone, and Lieutenant Vernon Webb, who set up their instruments on the island of Karmakuly, in Möller Bay, on a site directly opposite to the permanent Samoyede settlement at which the Russian Government Expedition, under the command of Prince Boris Galitzino, had established itself. When the yacht first arrived the weather was very bad, and remained unfavourable, but on the morning of the eclipse there was an almost cloudless dawn. All went well with the observations, notwithstanding the intense excitement of the brief opportunity, and by the time the total eclipse was over, in something less than two minutes—at Vadsö it lasted 106 seconds, and at Karmakuly 92 seconds—no less than thirty-four photographs were successfully taken. The developments of these photographs has since proved that the results of the observations are likely to form an important contribution to the astronomer's knowledge. We give an Illustration from a sketch kindly supplied by Sir George Baden-Powell, representing the observers just as the light was fading away, and another, for which we are indebted to Lieutenant Vernon Webb, R.N., which shows the Russian settlement on the shore opposite to Karmakuly.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

It seems not impossible that Dongola, at the turning-point of the great Nubian bend of the Nile, beyond which, across the Desert, lies Khartoum, with the Khalifa's residence and headquarters of Dervish warrior fanaticism at Omdurman, may be occupied, with or without a fight, early in October. If it be so, the next movement of the Egyptian army with the British leaders, the Sirdar, General Sir Herbert Kitchener, and his officers, in the Khedive's service, will not be to Khartoum, but eastward up the Nile to Korti, where Lord Wolseley had his headquarters in 1884, with a view to future extension of the line of military frontier defence to Abu Hamed, and ultimately to Berber, in connection, probably, with a movement of British Indian troops from the seacoast. The advanced posts, in the direction of Dongola, have during the past week been moved forward to Fereig, which is but twenty-three miles from the Dervish outpost at Kerma; the route from Kosheh, by the stages of Absarat, Dulgo, and Kederma, to Fereig was accomplished on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday last, by a large part of the force, consisting of the 3rd and 4th Brigades of the Khedive's army. On Tuesday a detachment of the Staffordshire Regiment, with a few Soudanese, went forward by steamer to disperse some hostile bands. The boat transport service on the river by steamers and sailing-barges is bringing supplies to the front; but a temporary disaster has befallen the new steel gun-boat in her trial trip at Kosheh on Friday by the bursting of her low-pressure cylinder boiler. This can probably be remedied by borrowing a similar cylinder boiler out of a steamer which has been ordered to come up from Wady Halfa; but it may cause a delay of several days. The gun-boat mentioned here is that which is represented in one of our Illustrations being guided by Arabs through the Second Cataract. We also give some sketches illustrating a trip which our Special Artist made up the river to Abri in company with three of his fellow-artists. In a village at which they landed they found a Soudanese soldier who had been badly wounded by a band of Dervishes. The various adventures with which the party met were described in a letter from Mr. Seppings Wright which we published on Aug. 22.



DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM": "GOOD-BYE, ONCE MORE!"

THE GREAT DYNAMITE PLOT: ARREST OF "No. 1."

The discovery, by the Detective Department of our Metropolitan Police, of a murderous conspiracy intending to kill the Czar Nicholas II. upon his expected arrival in Scotland with his consort as the Queen's guests at Balmoral, is an affair that must by itself excite the strongest horror and detestation. But the identification of one of the principal agents of this atrocious crime with the notorious dynamite or "Irish Invincible" conspirator, P. J. Tynan, who was concerned as the alleged "Number One" of a secret committee in Dublin, in May 1882, in arranging the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and of Mr. Burke, Under Secretary, in Phoenix Park, has further import. It is a fresh proof of the foul alliance between Continental Nihilists or Anarchists, Irish-American foes of England, and other villainous sects, desperately bent on subverting all political and social institutions through creating a reign of terror by means of the dagger, the pistol, and the dynamite bomb. Assassinations prompted by personal malice or revenge, assassinations of which religious fanaticism, or enthusiasm for a political party, or for the claims of a nation oppressed by tyranny or by foreign rule was the motive, have been perpetrated in former ages. The characteristic of these comparatively recent crimes, everywhere, is that their common aim, being to procure unlimited opportunities for public and private robbery in a state of temporary social confusion, finds its imaginary readiest way to that consummation either in putting to death the reigning Sovereigns or actual rulers of great nations or in exciting a panic fear by some exhibitions of the apparatus of destruction, threatening to demolish palaces and Government office buildings in the capital cities. Their malignity is less inspired by hatred of individual monarchs or statesmen, or by any cause of national interests, than by envy of the accumulated wealth of civilised communities, and by the desire of unbounded license and plunder; also to revenge themselves upon the world for not having been born among the richer classes.

It was about a month ago that Chief Inspector Melville, at Scotland Yard, received from a New York correspondent the information that several of the known dynamite conspirators in

America, including one named Bell, and J. F. Kearney, also called Wallace, who were concerned in former plots at Glasgow, were returning to Europe. They came

the Czar when he came to Balmoral, or upon some opportunity during his Imperial Majesty's sojourn in Scotland, or else during his visit to France; for the particulars of their design have not yet been published. The fact that Bell, at Glasgow, had also much money, seems to indicate that Scotland was to have been the scene of this atrocious assassination, if the hideous intention had not been detected and defeated by the vigilance, sagacity, and consummate skill of our detective police.

The arrest of Tynan has revived the scepticism about the important part he is alleged to have played in the famous "Invincible" conspiracy. Tynan has claimed this credit, such as it is, and lived on it pretty comfortably for many years; but some people who are familiar with the inner history of the "Invincible" murder club declare that the real "Number One," the originator of the plot, is dead, and that Tynan was never anything more important than a messenger. Certainly there is nothing in his look, or in his manner of life, to suggest the energy, concentration, and secretiveness which distinguished the man who organised the Phoenix Park murders. But in any case Tynan's guilty implication in dynamite conspiracies past and present is sufficiently established to make his arrest a matter for great congratulation.

With regard to the Phoenix Park murders, which are recorded on one of the darkest pages of our national history in this century, it is scarcely to be expected that the arrest of Tynan should lead to the disclosure of material facts beyond those which were revealed by the confessions of James Carey in 1883, and the evidence at the trial of the actual assassins who were hanged for their crime, and the

statements of the late Major Le Caron, exposing the secret organisation of the "Irish Invincibles." The lamented death of Lord Frederick Cavendish, an estimable, benevolent, and conscientious English gentleman, a younger brother of the present Duke of Devonshire, was the more shocking be-



Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.
THE LATE LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH,
Assassinated May 6, 1882.

to London, and were closely watched here until two of them, Bell and Haines, went to Antwerp, where they were afterwards joined from Rotterdam by Kearney and others. Dr. Anderson, of the London Criminal Investigation Police Staff, with five of his assistants, then proceeded to Belgium and looked after the movements of this gang, who had established themselves at Berchem, a suburb of Antwerp, in a small house taken by Kearney's sister-in-law, already resident there. One of the London detectives named O'Brien, specially appointed to watch that house, gave information to the Chief Commissioner of the Antwerp police, Colonel Warbot, who caused it to be entered and searched on Sunday last. A complete laboratory of the dynamite bomb manufacture, with pots of acids or other liquids used in its chemistry, was found in the house. The men had got away, Bell to Scotland, Haines and Kearney (or Wallace) to Rotterdam, and another, who proves to be the notorious P. J. Tynan, apparently the chief director of the whole nefarious conspiracy, to Boulogne. They have all been arrested; Bell at the Victoria Hotel, Glasgow; Haines and Kearney by the Dutch police, at a Rotterdam hotel; two others at Antwerp; and Tynan at the Hôtel Folkestone, at Boulogne, by the English detectives, Inspector Walsh and another, with the French Commissary of Police, in his bed at four o'clock on Sunday morning. Tynan, who had arrived at Boulogne on Friday evening, has been in Europe about a month, chiefly in Paris; but instead of coming over with his accomplices, he is said to have landed at Genoa. He has gone about under the name of George Gordon, Linden, and other names, but he now acknowledges himself to be Tynan, and was arrested under the warrant issued thirteen years ago, for the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. He is also charged with the recent dynamite conspiracy. While staying at the hotel he drank much champagne, talked and boasted in chance company, and affected a careless demeanour. A large sum of money, about £2000, was found in his possession, with a number of letters and other papers which show, it is said, that the conspirators intended to kill

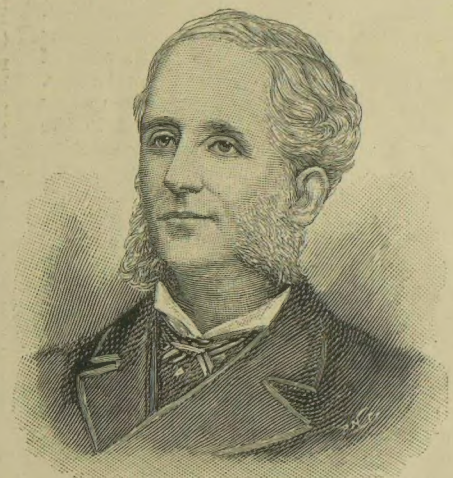


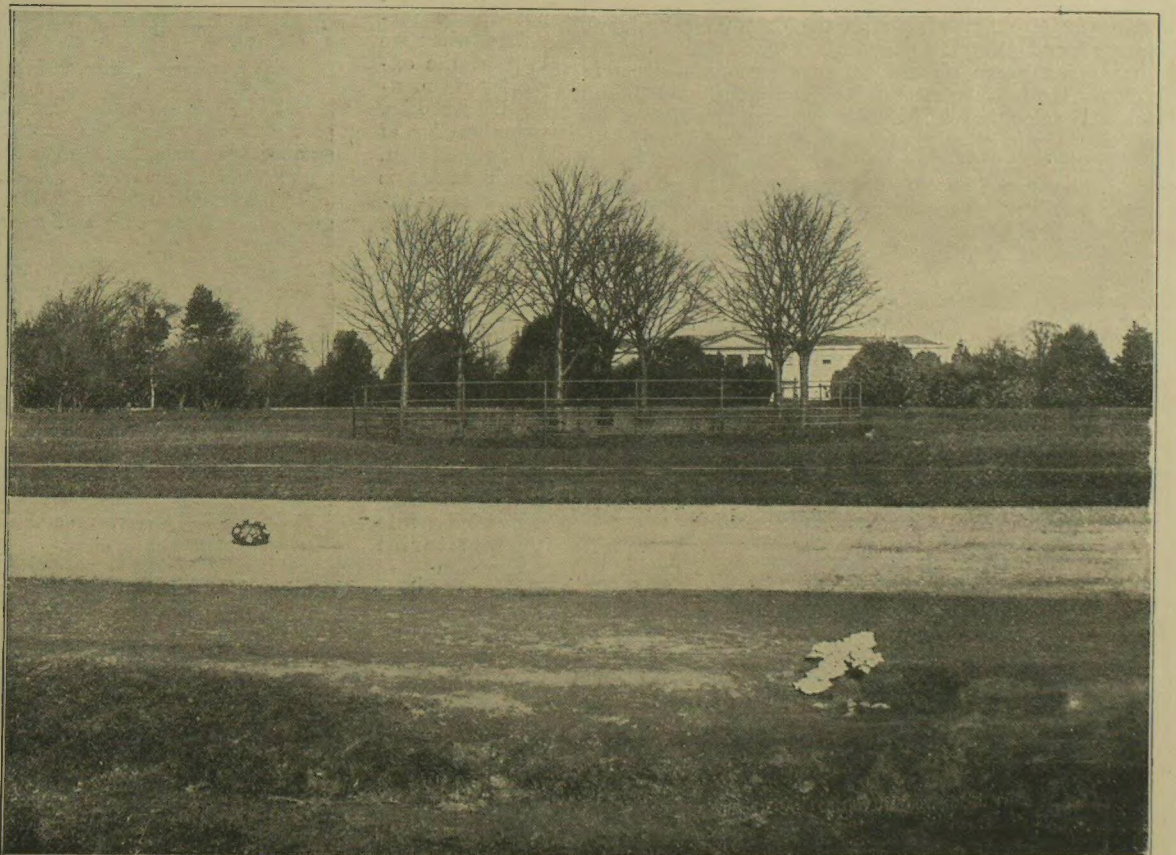
Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE MR. T. H. BURKE,
Assassinated May 6, 1882.

cause he had only just been appointed Chief Secretary, and could not possibly have been thought personally responsible for any previous acts of Government in Ireland.

The first question which has now to be decided is whether the French Government will agree to the extradition of Tynan or not. The Extradition Treaty has been made fairly comprehensive since Tynan last evaded British pursuit, but there is room for doubt whether it can be considered retrospective. The prisoner's complicity in the present plot, however, will probably warrant his extradition.



PATRICK J. TYNAN, "No. 1," ARRESTED AT BOULOGNE.



PHOENIX PARK AND THE VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN: CROSS AND WREATH MARKING THE SPOT WHERE MR. BURKE AND LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH WERE ASSASSINATED.

PERSONAL.

By the death of the Rev. Henry Robert Reynolds the Nonconformist world has lost one of its most notable men.

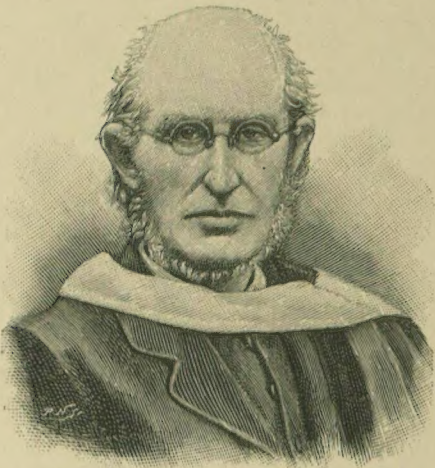


Photo Thomas, Cheapside.
THE LATE REV. H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D.

to George III. After graduating with honours at University College, London, he entered the Congregational ministry, and spent a number of years in arduous work, first at Halstead and subsequently at Leeds. Ill-health obliged him to resign his pastorate in the latter town, and thirty-six years ago he became President of the Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt and Professor of Theology to the same body. From these duties he retired last year. Dr. Reynolds was at one time one of the editors of the *British Quarterly Review*, and subsequently edited the *Evangelical Magazine*. He also made many valuable contributions to theological literature.

The shade of Sir Walter Scott must be uneasy. A company has been formed for bottling St. Ronan's Well, and serving it to the public as mineral water. A wag has suggested that the company had better present a copy of Scott's romance to every purchaser of a dozen bottles. There is a certain class of literature which is given away with a pound of tea. Fancy Sir Walter reduced to the same level! There seems to have been a merry meeting of the projectors of the St. Ronan's Well Company. One orator said that St. Ronan's and "Scotch" made an unequalled blend. Hitherto the blend has been St. Ronan's and Scott; but we live in days of commercial progress.

There is a depressing correspondence in the *Times* about the poverty of the clergy, but it is exhilarated by the letters of Lord Grimthorpe, who appears to think that this poverty is a punishment for Ritualism. The autumnal season of letter-writing would be sadly incomplete without Lord Grimthorpe's pleasant humour. There is something in his very name which suggests peace and goodwill and a charitable view of everybody's motives. There is a story how hair-shirts are purchased freely by clergymen of the Church of England. It only remains for Lord Grimthorpe to suggest that when a curate is miserably poor it is because there is a hair-shirt in the family.

Stands Scotland where it did? Not exactly. The independent existence of Portobello has ceased: it is swallowed up in Edinburgh. There is no Portobello Corporation any more; the Portobello bailies have gone to the realms of poesy. That this has come about without bloodshed is a mystery to the Southron. Why has Portobello consented to this enforcement? In the good old days there would have been broadsword on the green and a murderous excitement among the tartans for much less.

Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have made in America many of those sparkling observations which the American interviewer loves. This shows the Colonial Secretary's capacity for adapting his conversation to his company; but it has given grave offence to some serious persons in London. He is told that the language attributed to him is "hardly calculated to increase the respect either of his hosts or of his countrymen for the dignity of the British Cabinet Minister, and that he must repudiate the stories of which he is the hero, or bring his visit to as early a close as possible." There is another distinguished personage who is likely to receive the same warning. It is said of Lord Russell of Killowen by one enthusiastic admirer in America that it is impossible to tell from his accent whether he is an American or a British subject. The Lord Chief Justice had better close his visit too.

The death of the Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Founder and first Prior of Fort Augustus, does not cut short any career in the midst of its promise; for though Father Vaughan was in the prime of life, he had finished such great and important work as he had to do. He joined the English Benedictines as a very young man, being one of the elder sons of the late Colonel Vaughan of Courtfield; and, after the arduous novitiate at Belmont common to all aspirants to that Congregation, he went forth, in the ordinary course of events, to the "English Mission." His enthusiastic nature, however, refused to confine itself to the peaceful daily round of English missionary life, and he began to conceive romantic plans for the regeneration of monasticism in these islands. To some extent his schemes and ambitions were approved by his superiors, who gave him the permission to start a campaign for the purpose of collecting funds towards the building of a new monastery in the Highlands of Scotland.

That monastery, for the erection of which Father Vaughan gathered by his single efforts a sum of probably not less than one hundred thousand pounds, is now well known as the Abbey of St. Benedict, Fort Augustus. For a time here he reigned with great success, and even effected a separation of his foundation from the Anglo-Benedictine

Congregation. But fortune began to change after a brief period. He was too restless to stay in one place, and his monks were too domestic to tolerate his changeableness; he, with accumulating years upon his back and eager for fulfilment, was for enlarging his scope of work and for raising new foundations in many places. They, on the other hand, desired first the fixed establishment of their own Abbey. Hence arose a struggle between superior and satellites which ended in Father Vaughan's retirement from Fort Augustus. After a brief period he severed his connection with the place altogether, and, having first joined two other Congregations of Benedictines, he finished by founding an Order of his own. At the first house of this new Congregation he has just died, regretted by all who knew his endless gaiety, his untiring high spirits, and his dauntless equanimity.

Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley should be a happy man, for he has just made an extensive addition to the valuable landed property which he has recently been acquiring by the purchase of the entire Scotch estates of the late Mr. Sydney Hadwen, of Halifax. This property includes the deer forests and moors of Auchnagart, Altnacorrie, Culrain, Hilton, and Relonie, in all some eight thousand acres, well known for their deer and black game.

The Rev. J. Dennis Hird, having resigned the living of Eastnor, is about to join the small band of those who have renounced holy orders. Mr. Hird was at one time very well known in London, for he was the Secretary of the Metropolitan branch of the Church of England Temperance Society; and in that work he was a great success. He would, indeed, have done well if he had stuck to that healthy calling, but he chose to dabble with Socialism. His council took fright, and Mr. Hird had to resign. Yet he was not a castaway; he had many friends, and one of them, Lady Henry Somerset, gave him the valuable living of Eastnor—a post that any might covet and not be ashamed. But there were undiscovered qualities in Mr. Hird. He had literary gifts, and his book, "Toddle Island," was really a very readable and clever work. Then came another book, the very title of which—"A Christian with Two Wives"—almost took away the breath of many of his closest friends. Lady Henry Somerset brought the matter before the Bishop of Hereford. Dr. Percival consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the upshot of it all is that Mr. Hird has resigned his living, and the end of this month will find him no longer a clergyman. He has arranged to settle near Oxford, where he will engage in literary and educational work.

Madame Besson has been the recipient of a testimonial from the bandsmen and the musical world generally of Manchester in recognition of the value of the many innovations and improvements which her inventive talent has made in military band instruments. A testimonial signed by over seven thousand persons was presented to her at a great public gathering on the occasion of her farewell visit to the Bellevue brass band contest. So few women are endowed with powers of invention of a technical kind that it is pleasant to know that Madame Besson's labours have won her considerable pecuniary reward.

Lieutenant Stanley S. Flower, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, has been appointed by the Siamese Government to the Curatorship of the Natural History Museum at Bangkok. The appointment forms a pleasant illustration of the following of a son in his father's footsteps, for Lieutenant Flower is the son of Sir William Flower, the well-known Director of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum, President of the Zoological Society, and author of many valuable contributions to the literature of natural history.

Wives of distinguished men, but especially of travelling and fighting men, whose career of personal adventure



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MRS. COLENBRANDER.

demands frequent and prolonged absence from the home of domestic felicity, ought not to be forgotten when we talk of the exploits of manhood. But Mrs. Colenbrander, of Matabililand, South Africa, is not a stay-at-home lady, having been her husband's constant companion in that country since he went up to Buluwayo, in 1890, to negotiate with King Lobengula for the mining privileges, which were quickly converted into the territorial occupation of Mashonaland, the building of forts, the organisation of a military force, and finally the conquest of all Lobengula's dominions by the administrators of the Chartered Company. We believe that Mrs. Colenbrander, though she rides and shoots as straight as most men, has never been present at any of the actual fighting. She knows the native languages, and the native manners and character, probably better than any English missionary's wife, and the natives like her so much that she had no fear whatever in accompanying her husband, the best interpreter and adviser Mr. Cecil Rhodes could have had at some of the recent interviews of the British colonial leading men with the Matabili chiefs who were desirous of peace. Those interviews were, indeed, never attended with the slightest personal danger, for, whatever may be the ferocity at times displayed by the

Matabili or Zulu and all the Kaffir races, none of them are so base and treacherous as to kill or harm the men who come unarmed, trusting in the word of honour of "the noble savage," invited to a conference with a view to negotiate the mutual dispute.

The death of Professor J. E. C. Munro at the early age of forty-seven is a matter for very genuine regret.

Professor Munro, who was by birth an Irishman, was educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and at Cambridge, where he won sundry distinctions, including the Presidency of the Union Debating Society. He was called to the Bar just twenty years ago, but subsequently found his true vocation in work of a more



Photo Banks, Manchester.
THE LATE PROFESSOR J. E. C. MUNRO, LL.D.

scholastic kind than that of a barrister's practice. In 1882 he became Professor both of political economy and of jurisprudence at Victoria University, Manchester, and two years later was appointed examiner in law for the Cambridge Tripos. At the time of his death he had also for some years been one of the examiners in jurisprudence to the Inns of Court. Professor Munro contested East Manchester at the General Election of 1892 and again last year, but without success. He will also be remembered as one of the founders of the Eighty Club, as a former President of the British Association, and as President of several "societies" in Manchester, where he will be greatly missed. He married a daughter of Mr. Hugh Wallace, of Dorset Hall, Merton.

Sir George Verdon, C.B., K.C.M.G., who has just died at Melbourne after a distinguished colonial career, was a very popular member of society in this country during his six years' residence in London as Agent-General. Sir George was the son of a Lancashire clergyman, the Rev. Edward Verdon, who unsuccessfully claimed the lapsed Barony of Verdon. As a lad of eighteen he went to Australia to seek his fortune in the gold-fields, but after sundry rough experiences he turned back to Melbourne, and proved so successful a man of business that at the age of twenty-five he was returned as Liberal member for the suburb of Williamstown. A year later he was in the Ministry as Treasurer, but after five years in that office he abandoned his excellent chances of the Premiership for a non-political career as general manager of the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank.

Mr. W. B. Richmond denies that the materials used by him in the decoration of St. Paul's are likely to decay. The gold and pigments were submitted to experts, and declared to be sound. It would be unfortunate if the beautiful work executed by Mr. Richmond were doomed to fade; but, as he justly says, he is the one person most likely to take every conceivable precaution to ensure its permanence.

The attention of Sir Walter Phillimore has been occupied by a curious point connected with the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. It will be remembered by those acquainted with the history of the cathedral that the crypt has long been used for the services of a congregation of Huguenot refugees from France and the Netherlands. The right of these French Protestants to the crypt has been popularly supposed to be merely nominal, but Sir Walter Phillimore's investigation of their claims has proved them to be of some strength, and Sir Walter declares that any modification of their rights is only to be effected by the combined action of the Crown, the Archbishop, and the Cathedral authorities.

There has been a curious variety of opinion this year upon the merits of the Three Choirs' Festival held at Worcester last week. On the one hand we have had the customary chorus of unending praise, with the usual pathetic descriptions of the "grand old cathedral," and the "glorification" of the voice when oratorio is sung under "its natural conditions." On the other hand, perhaps this year for the first time, there has been an unmistakable current of dispraise which will doubtless come with something of a shock to old-fashioned admirers. Says one: "Bach's Christmas Oratorio was perfunctory and disappointing. . . . It wanted half-a-dozen more rehearsals and a real conductor"; while another declares: "Many more festivals like that at Worcester last week, and the Three Choirs' celebrations may, after an unbroken career of nearly a century and three-quarters, become extinct." This is plain speaking, and it is certain that there must have been some cause for it, however unwelcome. It is of importance, therefore, that for the future the reasons for such grumbling should be sternly disallowed and avoided at all costs.

An autumn season of opera at Covent Garden seems to be now quite decided upon. Leoncavallo will be the hero of the occasion, as both those much-discussed works "I Medici" and "Chatterton" will be given then. It will be remembered that a somewhat serious controversy raged round the first of these a few years ago, when Mr. F. Cowen had certain difficulties with the favour of Signor Sonzogno. The company that is to sing is interesting from the point of view that not one has been yet heard in England, if exception be made of Signor Tamagno. The names of these singers are too portentous to be set down.

THE RECENT CYCLONE IN PARIS.

On Thursday, Sept. 10, a quarter before three o'clock in the afternoon, Paris was disturbed by a sudden whirlwind, a cyclone or tornado, caused by the encounter of two strong currents of air, from the north-west and from the south-east, forming a local circular storm which extended over a very small space, less than half a mile, around the Hôtel de Ville, along the quays of the Seine, and towards the Palais de Justice. Wind had been blowing violently, and rain falling heavily, for two hours before in the western parts of the city, and masses of black cloud had gathered, which seemed, when the cyclone occurred, to rush at each other and revolve together in the sky, while a tall column of cloud, resembling smoke, rose upward from the centre of this commotion. It continued scarcely one minute, and within a quarter of an hour the clouds had dispersed and the sun was shining.

The velocity of the wind in the circle described by its whirling movement is estimated to have been equal to a speed of 360 kilometres per hour, and its force was tremendous, lifting and carrying away men and horses, upsetting cabs and other vehicles in the streets; overturning lamp-posts and the "kiosks," or small pavilions at which newspapers are sold, and the flower-market stalls in the Place St. Sulpice; wrecking several barges on the river, uprooting or tearing down large trees, blowing the hoardings and scaffoldings from the front of unfinished buildings, wrenching gates and doors from their hinges, damaging roofs, overthrowing chimneys, and crashing in the windows of many shops and private houses. The rain, too, flooded the cellars and washed away tram-rails from the roads. Altogether, the damage was considerable, but there was also some loss of life, and many persons were seriously hurt.

As might be expected, the worst sufferers were drivers of cabs and omnibuses falling off their vehicles; one was

instantly killed by fracture of the skull, and others had their limbs broken. A dozen people were blown into the river, but all these were rescued, as well as the washerwomen at work in one of the floating laundries at the Pont Neuf. In front of the Tribunal de Commerce, a party of

did not perceive the cyclone, but they had a good deal of rain, though not of extraordinary violence. There was no thunder or lightning. At present the scientific meteorologists are inclined to connect the sudden and furious north-westerly hurricane with a great depression of the barometer

noticed on the coast of Brittany. At the Central Observatory of Paris there was no corresponding movement. A cyclone resembling this in some particulars, but less violent and destructive, took place in Paris on July 27, and was then, like the recent phenomenon of this kind, limited to a small part of the city. If it had occurred in the open sea, it would have produced merely a waterspout; in the Sahara or the Libyan Desert, a pillar of sand, which might, in the sunlight, appear to be a pillar of flame. In the streets of a busy metropolis the cyclone, or whatever it may be called, must be decidedly unwelcome. Londoners would not like it very well at Ludgate Circus, or in front of the Royal Exchange. A few miles out of town, in the Essex marshes beyond Barking, it might do no great harm.

Regarded merely as one of the phenomena of nature, there is nothing exceptional or peculiarly remarkable in this occurrence, though it is most usual in tropical climates on the ocean, and on land in the central regions of great continents,

as in the Western States of North America and on the steppes of Asia, where an immense extent of level plains allows space for winds to acquire, by the momentum of their speed, a greater force than is usually experienced in countries of smaller extent, much intersected by hill-ranges, and with an atmosphere daily softened by continual variations of temperature, and seldom free from some dampness, as in most parts of Western Europe. It is possible that the protracted dryness of the spring and early summer months somewhat influenced our atmosphere, rendering it more liable to disturbance.

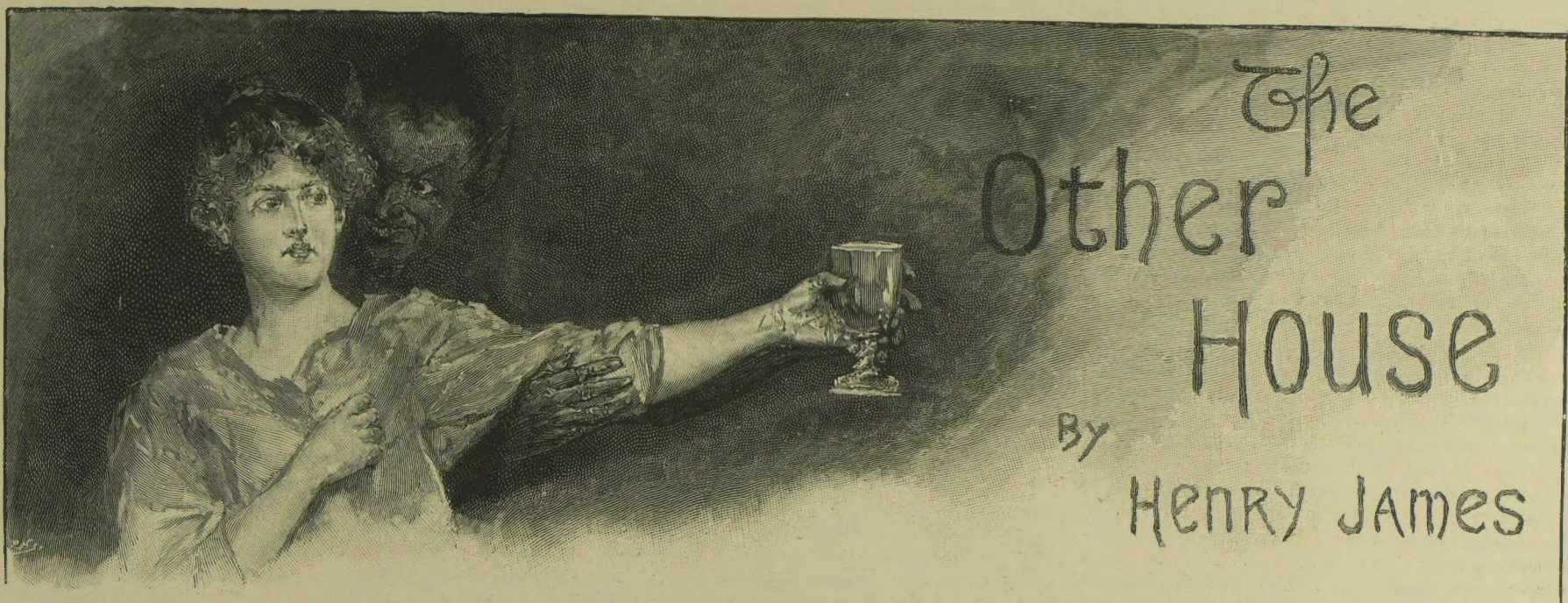


A CAB OVERTURNED BY THE CYCLONE.

nine or ten journalists or newspaper reporters, who had been attending a trial there, were caught by the whirlwind, thrown to the ground or against walls and railings, and two or three of them were badly injured. Severe bruises, fractured or dislocated arms and legs, contusions of the head, befell about fifty men and women in various places of the district affected by this rude visitation of nature. Inconvenience and loss were occasioned, of course, by the interruption of traffic, and by the confusion prevailing some time afterwards, in a central business quarter of Paris. The inhabitants of other quarters, and of the suburbs,



A SCENE OF HAVOC.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XXIX.

Rose had come for a purpose, Vidal saw, to which she would make but a bound, and she seemed in fact to take the spring as she instantly broke out: "For what did you come back to me?—for what did you come back?" She approached him quickly, but he made, more quickly, a move that gained him space and that might well have been the result of two sharp impressions: one of these the sense that in a single hour she had so altered as to be ugly, without a trace of the charm that had haunted him; and the other the sense that, thus ravaged and disfigured, wrecked in the gust that had come and gone, she expected of him something that she had never expected. A monstrous reality flared up in their relation, the perception of which was a shock that he was conscious for the moment of betraying that he feared, finding no words to answer her and showing her across the room, while she repeated her question, a face blanched by the change in her own. "For what did you come back to me?—for what did you come back?"

He gaped at her; then, as if there were help for him in the simple fact that, on his own side, he could immediately recall, he stammered out: "To you—to you? I hadn't the slightest notion you were here!"

"Didn't you come to see *where* I was? Didn't you come absolutely and publicly *for* me?" He jerked round again to the window with the vague, wild gesture of a man in horrible pain, and she went on without vehemence, but with clear, deep intensity: "It was exactly when you found I was here that you did come back. You had a perfect chance, on learning it, not to show; but you didn't take the chance, you quickly put it aside. You reflected, you decided, you insisted we should meet." Her voice, as if in harmony with the power of her plea, dropped to a vibration more muffled, a soft but inexorable pressure. "I hadn't called you, I hadn't troubled you, I left you as perfectly alone as I've *been* alone. It was your own passion and your own act—you've dropped upon me, you've overwhelmed me. You've overwhelmed me, I say, because I speak from the depths of *my* surrender. But you didn't do it, I imagine, to be cruel, and if you didn't do it to be cruel you did it to take what it would give you." Gradually, as she talked, he faced round again; she stood there supported by the high back of a chair, either side of which she held tight. "You know what I *am*, if any man has known, and it's to the thing I am—whatever that is—you've come back at last from so far. It's the thing I am—whatever that is—I now count on you to stand by."

"Whatever that is?"—Dennis mournfully marvelled. "I feel, on the contrary, that I've never, never known!"

"It's before anything, then, a woman who has such a need as no woman has ever had." Then she eagerly added: "Why on earth did you descend on me if you hadn't need of *me*?"

Dennis took, for an instant, quite as if she were not there, several turns in the wide place; moving in the dumb distress of a man confronted with the greatest danger of his life and obliged, while precious minutes lapse, to snatch at a way of safety. His whole air was an instinctive retreat from being carried by assault, and he had the effect both of keeping far from her and of revolving blindly round her. At last, in his hesitation, he pulled up before her. "What makes, all of a sudden, the tremendous need you speak of? Didn't you remind me but an hour ago of how remarkably low, at our last meeting, it had dropped?"

Rose's eyes, in the dimness, widened with their wonder. "You can speak to me in harshness of what I did an hour ago? You can taunt me with an act of penance that might have moved you—that did move you? Does it mean," she continued, "that you've none the less chosen—as I told you to choose; embraced the alternative that seems to



"Shall I tell you who did it?" she asked.

you most worthy of your courage? Did I only stoop, in my deep contrition, to make it easier for you to knock me down? I gave you your chance to refuse me, and what you've come back for, then, will have been only, most handsomely, to take it. In that case you did injustice there to the question of your revenge. What fault have you to find with anything so splendid?"

Dennis had listened with his eyes averted, and he met her strained glare as if he had not heard, bringing out his previous words with a harder iteration: "What makes your tremendous need? what makes your tremendous need?" He spoke as if that were the one way of safety. "I don't in the least see why it should have taken such a jump. You must do justice, even after your act of this afternoon—a demonstration far greater than any I dreamed of asking of you—you must do justice to my absolute necessity for seeing everything clear. I didn't there, in the garden, see anything clear at all—I was only startled and wonder-struck and puzzled. Certainly I was touched, as you say—I was so touched that I particularly suffered. But I couldn't pretend I was satisfied or gratified, or even that I was particularly convinced. You often failed, of old, I know, to give me what I really wanted from you, and yet it never prevented the success of your effect on—what shall I call it?" He stopped short. "On God knows what baser, obscurer part of me. I'm not such a brute as to say," he quickly went on, "that that effect was not produced this afternoon—"

"You confine yourself to saying," Rose interrupted, "that it's not produced in our actual situation!"

He stared, through the thicker dusk; after which, "I don't understand you!" he dropped. "I do say," he declared, "that whatever your success to-day may be admitted to have consisted of, I didn't at least then make the admission. I didn't at that moment understand you any more than I do now; and I don't think I said anything to lead you to suppose I did. I showed you simply that I was bewildered, and I couldn't have shown it more than by the abrupt way I left you. I don't recognise that I'm committed to anything that deprives me of the right of asking you for a little more light."

"Do you recognise by chance," Rose returned, "the horrible blow—"

"That has fallen on all this wretched place? I'm unutterably shocked by it. But where does it come into our relations?"

Rose smiled in exquisite pity, which had the air, however, of being more especially for herself. "You say you were painfully affected; but you really invite me to go further still. Haven't I put the dots on all the horrid i's? Haven't I dragged myself through the dust of enough confessions?"

Vidal slowly and grimly shook his head; he doggedly clung to his real refuge. "I don't understand you—I don't understand you."

Rose, at this, overcame her diffidence. "It would be inexpressibly horrible to me to appear to be free to profit by Mr. Bream's misfortune."

Vidal thought a moment. "To appear, you mean, to have an interest in the fact that the death of his daughter leaves him at liberty to invite you to become his wife?"

"You express it to admiration."

He discernibly wondered. "But why should you be in danger of that torment to your delicacy if Mr. Bream has the best of reasons for doing nothing to contribute to it?"

"The best of Mr. Bream's reasons," Rose returned, "won't be nearly so good as the worst of mine!"

"That of your making a match with some one else? I see," her companion said. "That's the precaution I'm to have the privilege of putting in your power."

She gave the strangest of smiles; the whites of her excited eyes shimmered in the gloom. "You make my position perfect."

Dennis hesitated. "And what do I make my own?"

"Exactly the one you came to take. You have taken it by your startling presence; you're up to your neck in it, and there's nothing that will become you so as to wear it bravely and gallantly. If you don't like it," Rose added, "you should have thought of that before."

"You like it so much on your side," Dennis returned, "that you appear to have engaged in measures to create it even before the argument for it had acquired the force that you give such a fine account of."

"Do you mean by giving it out as a fact? It was never too soon to give it out: the right moment was the moment you were there. Your arrival changed everything; it gave me on the spot my advantage; it precipitated my grasp of it."

Vidal's expression was like a thing battered dead, and his voice was a sound that matched it. "You call your grasp your announcement—?"

She threw back her head. "My announcement has reached you? Then you know I've cut off your retreat." Again he turned away from her; he flung himself on the sofa on which, shortly before, Mrs. Beever had sunk down to sob, and, as if with the need to hold on to something, buried his face in one of the hard square cushions. She came a little nearer to him; she went on with her low lucidity. "So you can't abandon me—you can't. You came to me through doubts—you spoke to me through fears. You're mine!"

She left him to turn this over; she moved off and approached the door at which Mrs. Beever had gone out, standing there in a rigour of attention till, in the silence, he at last raised his head. "What is it then you look to me to do?"

She came away from the door. "Simply to see me through."

He was on his feet again. "Through what, in the name of horror?"

"Through everything. If I count on you, it's to support me—if I say things, it's for you to say them."

"Even when they're black lies?" Vidal asked.

Her retort was immediate—"What need should I have of you if they were white ones?" He was unable to tell her, only meeting her mettle with his stupor, and she continued, with the lightest ring of reproach in her quiet pain: "I thank you for giving that name to my weak boast that you admire me."

He had a sense of comparative idiocy. "Do you expect me—on that admiration—to marry you?"

"Bless your innocent heart, no!—for what do you take me? I expect you simply to make people believe that you mean to."

"And how long will they believe it if I don't?"

"Oh, if it should come to that," said Rose, "you can easily make them believe that you have!" She took a step so rapid that it was almost a spring; she had him now, and with her hands on his shoulders, she held him fast. "So you see, after all, dearest, how little I ask!"

He submitted, with no movement but to close his eyes before the new-born dread of her caress. Yet he took the caress when it came—the dire confession of her hard embrace, the long entreaty of her icy kiss. He might still have been a creature trapped in steel; after she had let him go he still stood at a loss how to turn. There was something, however, that he presently opened his eyes to try. "That you went over with me—that's what you wish me to say?"

"Over to Bounds? Is that what I said? I can't think." But she thought all the same. "Thank you for fixing it. If it's that, stick to it!"

"And to our having left the child with Miss Martle?"

This brought her up a moment. "Don't ask me—simply meet the case as it comes. I give you," she added in a marvellous manner, "a perfectly free hand!"

"You're very liberal," said Dennis, "but I think you simplify too much."

"I can hardly do that if to simplify is to leave it to your honour. It's the beauty of my position that you're believed."

"That, then, gives me a certain confidence in telling you that Miss Martle was the whole time with me."

Rose stared. "Of what time do you speak?"

"The time after you had gone over to Bounds with Effie."

Rose thought again. "Where was she with you?"

"By the river, on this side."

"On this side? You didn't go to Bounds?"

"Not when I left you for the purpose. I obeyed an impulse that made me do just the opposite. You see," said Dennis, "that there's a flaw in my honour! You had filled my cup too full—I couldn't carry it straight. I kept by the stream—I took a walk."

Rose gave a low, vague sound. "But Miss Martle and I were there together."

"You were together till you separated. On my return to the bridge I met her."

Rose hesitated. "Where was she going?"

"Over to Bounds—but I prevented her."

"You mean she joined you?"

"In the kindest manner—for another turn. I took her the same way again."

Once more Rose thought. "But if she was going over, why in the world should she have let you?"

Dennis considered. "I think she pitied me."

"Because she spoke to you of me?"

"No; because she didn't. But I spoke to her of you," said Dennis.

"And what did you say?"

He hung fire a moment. "That a short time before I saw you cross to Bounds?"

Rose slowly sat down. "You saw me?"

"On the bridge, distinctly. With the child in your arms."

"Where were you then?"

"Far up the stream—beyond your observation."

She looked at him fixedly, her hands locked together between her knees. "You were watching me?" Ghostly and ominous, in the darker room, was all their confronted estrangement.

Dennis waited as if he had a choice of answers; but at last he simply said: "I saw no more."

His companion as slowly rose again and moved to the window, beyond which the garden had now grown vague. She stood before it a while, then, without coming away, turned her back to it, so that he saw her handsome head, with the face obscure, against the evening sky. "Shall I tell you who did it?" she asked.

Dennis Vidal faltered. "If you feel that you're prepared."

"I've been preparing. I see it's best." Again, however, she was silent.

This lasted so long that Dennis finally spoke. "Who did it?"

"Tony Bream—to marry Jean."

A loud sound leaped from him, which was thrown back by the sudden opening of the door from the hall and a consequent gush of light. Manning marched in with a high lamp, and Doctor Ramage stood on the threshold.

XXX.

The Doctor remained at the door while the maid put down her lamp, and he checked her as she proceeded to the blinds and the other duties of the moment.

"Leave the windows, please; it's warm. That will do—thanks." He closed the door on her extinguished presence, and he held it a little, mutely, with observing eyes, in that of Dennis and Rose.

"Do you want me?" the latter promptly asked, in the tone, as he liked, of readiness either to meet him or to withdraw. She seemed to imply that at such an hour there was no knowing what anyone might want. Vidal's eyes were on her as well as the Doctor's, and if the lamp now lighted her consciousness of looking horrible she could at least support herself with the sight of the crude embarrassment of the others.

The Doctor, resorting to his inveterate practice when confronted with a question, consulted his watch. "I came in for Mr. Vidal, but I shall be glad of a word with you after I've seen him. I must ask you, therefore"—and he nodded at the third door of the room—"kindly to pass into the library."

Rose, without haste or delay, reached the point he indicated. "You wish me to wait here?"

"If you'll be so good."

"While you talk with him?"

"While I talk with 'him.'"

Her eyes held Vidal's a minute. "I'll wait." And she passed out.

The Doctor immediately attacked him. "I must appeal to you for a fraction of your time. I've seen Mrs. Beever."

Dennis hesitated. "I've done the same."

"It's because she has told me of your talk that I mention it. She sends you a message."

"A message?" Dennis looked as if it were open to him to question such indirectness. "Where then is she?"

"She's with that distracted girl."

"Miss Martle?" Dennis hesitated. "Miss Martle so greatly feels the shock?"

"Feels it, my dear Sir?" the Doctor cried. "She has been made so pitifully ill by it that there's no saying just what turn her condition may take, and that she calls for so much of my attention as to force me to plead, with you, that excuse for my brevity. Mrs. Beever," he rapidly pursued, "requests you to regard this hurried inquiry as the sequel to what you were so good as to say to her."

Dennis thought a moment; his face had changed as if by the action of Rose's disappearance and the instinctive revival, in a different relation, of the long, stiff habit of business, the art of treating affairs and meeting men. This was the art of not being surprised, and, with his emotion now controlled, he was discernibly on his guard. "I'm afraid," he replied, "that what I said to Mrs. Beever was a very small matter."

"She doesn't think it at all a small matter to have said you'd help her. You can do so—in the cruel demands our catastrophe makes of her—by considering that I represent her. It's in her name, therefore, that I ask you if you're engaged to be married to Miss Armiger."

Dennis Vidal just visibly faltered; but it might have been quite as much at the freedom of the question as at the difficulty of the answer. "Please say to her that—I am." He spoke with a clearness that proved the steel surface he had in a few minutes forged for his despair.

The Doctor took the thing as he gave it, only drawing from his pocket a key which he held straight up. "Then I feel it to be only right to say to you that this locks"—and he indicated the quarter to which Rose had retired—"the other door."

Dennis, with a diffident hand out, looked at him hard; but the good man showed, with effect, that he was professionally used to that. "You mean she's a prisoner?"

"On Mr. Vidal's honour."

"But whose prisoner?"

"Mrs. Beever's."

Dennis took the key, which passed into his pocket. "Don't you forget," he then asked with his conscious coldness, "that we're here, all round, on a level—"

"With the garden?" the Doctor broke in. "I forget nothing. We've a friend on the terrace."

"A friend?"

"Mr. Beever. A friend of Miss Armiger's," he promptly added.

Still showing nothing in his face, Dennis perhaps showed something in the way that, with his eyes bent on the carpet and his hands intertwined behind him, he slowly walked across the room. At the end of it he turned round. "If I have this key, who has the other?"

"The other?"

"The key that confines Mr. Bream."

The Doctor winced, but he stood his ground. "I have

it." Then he said, as if with a due recognition of the weight of the circumstance: "She has told you?"

Dennis turned it over. "Mrs. Beever?"

"Miss Armiger." There was a faint sharpness in the Doctor's tone.

It had evidently something to do with the tone in which Dennis replied. "She has told me. But if you've left him—"

"I've not left him. I've brought him over."

Dennis showed himself at a loss. "To see me?"

The Doctor raised a solemn, reassuring hand; then, after an instant, "To see his child," he colourlessly said.

"He desires that?" Dennis asked with an accent that emulated this detachment.

"He desires that." Dennis turned away, and in the pause that followed the air seemed charged with a consciousness of all that between them was represented by the unspoken. It lasted indeed long enough to give to an auditor, had there been one, a sense of the dominant unspeakable. It was as if each were waiting to have something from the other first, and it was eventually clear that Dennis, who had not looked at his watch, was prepared to wait longest. The Doctor had moreover to recognise that he himself had sought the interview. He impatiently summed up his sense of their common attitude. "I do full justice to the difficulty created for you by your engagement. That's why it was important to have it from your own lips." His companion said nothing, and he went on: "Mrs. Beever, all the same, feels that it mustn't prevent us from putting you another question, or rather from reminding you that there's one that you led her just now to expect that you'll answer." The Doctor paused again, but he perceived he must go all the way. "From the bank of the river you saw something that bears upon this"—he hesitated; then daintily selected his words—"remarkable performance. We appeal to your sense of propriety to tell us what you saw."

Dennis considered. "My sense of propriety is strong; but so—just now—is my sense of some other things. My word to Mrs. Beever was contingent. There are points I want made clear."

"I'm here," said the Doctor, "to do what I can to satisfy you. Only be so good as to remember that time is everything." He added, to drive this home, in his neat, brisk way, "Some action has to be taken."

"You mean a declaration made?"

"Under penalty," the Doctor assented, "of consequences sufficiently tremendous. There has been an accident of a gravity—"

Dennis took him up. "That can't be kept quiet?"

The Doctor looked at his watch; then, still holding it, he quickly looked up. "You want to keep it so?"

Vidal's haggard face turned red, but he instantly recovered himself. "Why do you ask, if you've a duty?"

"I haven't one—worseluck? I've fifty."

Dennis fixed his eyes on the watch.

"Does that mean you can keep the thing in hand?"

The Doctor put his talisman away. "Before I say I must know what you'll do for me."

Dennis stared at the lamp. "Hasn't it gone too far?"

"I know how far. Not so far, by a peculiar mercy, as it might have gone. There has been an extraordinary coincidence of chances—a miracle of conditions. Everything appears to serve." He hesitated; then with great gravity: "We'll call it a providence and have done with it."

Dennis turned this over. "Do you allude to the absence of witnesses—?"

"At the moment the child was found. Only the blessed three of us. And she had been there—" Stupefaction left him counting.

Dennis jerked out a sick protest. "Don't tell me how long! What do I want—?" What he wanted proved, the next moment, to be more knowledge. "How do you meet the servants?"

"Here? By giving a big name to her complaint. None of them have really seen her. She was carried in with a success—!" The Doctor threw up triumphant little hands.

"But the people at the other house?"

"They know nothing but that over here she has had an attack which it will be one of the fifty duties of mine I mentioned to you to make sufficiently remarkable. She was out of sorts this morning; this afternoon I was summoned. That call of Tony's is the providence!" Dr. Ramage declared.

But still Dennis pressed him. "Hadh't she some fond old nurse—some devoted dragon?"

"The great Gorham? Yes: she didn't want her to come; she was cruelly overborne. Well," the Doctor lucidly pursued, "I must face the great Gorham,

I'm already keeping her at bay—doctors are so luckily despots! She'll be tough—but it's all tough!"

Dennis, pressing his hand to his head, began wearily to pace again: it was far too tough for him. But he suddenly dropped upon the sofa, all but audibly moaning, falling back in the despair that broke through his false pluck. Doctor Ramage watched his pain as if he had something to hope from it; then, abruptly, the young man began: "I don't in the least conceive how—" He stopped short: even this he couldn't bring out.

"How was it done? Small blame to you! It was done in one minute—with the aid of a boat and the temptation (we'll call it!) of solitude. The boat's an old one of Tony's own—padlocked, but with a long chain. To see the place," said the Doctor after an instant, "is to see the deed."

Dennis threw back his head; he covered his distorted face with his two hands. "Why in thunder should I see it?"

The Doctor had moved towards him; at this he seated himself beside him and, going on with quiet clearness, applied a controlling, soothing grasp to his knee. "The child was taken into the boat and it was tilted: that was enough—the trick was played." Dennis remained motionless and dumb, and his companion completed the picture. "She was immersed—she was held under water—she was made sure of. Oh, I grant you it took a hand—and it took a spirit! But they were there. Then she was left. A pull of the chain brought back the boat; and the author of the crime walked away."



Dennis remained motionless and dumb.

Dennis slowly shifted his position, dropped his head, dropped his hands, sat staring lividly at the floor. "But how could she be caught?"

The Doctor hesitated, as if in the presence of an ambiguity. "The poor little girl? You'd see if you saw the place."

"I passed it to come back here," Dennis said. "But I didn't look, for I didn't know."

The Doctor patted his knee. "If you had known you would have looked still less. She rose; she drifted some yards; then she was washed against the base of the bridge, and one of the openings of her little dress hooked itself to an old loose clamp. There she was kept."

"And no one came by?"

"No one came till, by the mercy of God, I came!"

Dennis took it in as if with a long, dry gulp, and the two men sat for a minute looking at each other. At last the younger one got up. "And yet the risk of anything but a straight course is hideous."

The Doctor kept his place. "Everything's hideous. I appreciate greatly," he added, "the gallantry of your reminding me of my danger. Don't think I don't know exactly what it is. But I have to think of the danger of others. I can measure mine; I can't measure theirs."

"I can return your compliment," Dennis replied. "'Theirs,' as you call it, seems to me such a fine thing for you to care for."

The Doctor, with his plump hands folded on his stomach, gave a small stony smile. "My dear man, I care for my friends!"

Dennis stood before him; he was visibly mystified. "There's a person whom it's very good of you to take this occasion of calling by that name!"

Doctor Ramage stared; with his vision of his

interlocutor's mistake all his tight curves grew tense. Then, as he sprang to his feet, he seemed to crack in a grim little laugh. "The person you have in mind is, I confess, not, my dear Sir—"

"One of the persons," said Dennis, "whom you wish to protect? It certainly would have surprised me to hear it! But you spoke of your 'friends.' Who then is your second one?"

The Doctor looked astonished at the question. "Why, sweet Jean Martle."

Dennis equally wondered. "I should have supposed her the first! Who then is the other?"

The Doctor lifted his shoulders. "Who but poor Tony Bream?"

Dennis thought a moment. "What's his danger?"

The Doctor grew more amazed. "The danger we've been talking of!"

"Have we been talking of that?"

"You ask me, when you told me you knew—?"

Dennis, hesitating, recalled. "Knew that he's accused—?"

His companion fairly sprang at him. "Accused by her, too?"

Dennis fell back at his onset. "Is he by anybody else?"

The Doctor, turning crimson, had grabbed his arm; he blazed up at him. "You don't know it all?"

Dennis faltered. "Is there any more?"

"Tony cries on the housetops that he did it!"

Dennis sank once more on his sofa. "He cries—?"

"To cover Jean."

Dennis took it in. "But if she is covered?"

"Then to shield Miss Armiger."

Poor Dennis gazed aghast. "Who meanwhile charges him?" He was on his feet again; again he moved to the open window and stood there while the Doctor, in silence, waited. Presently he turned round. "May I see him?"

The Doctor, as if he had expected this, was already at the door. "God bless you!" And he flashed out.

Dennis, left alone, stood rigid in the middle of the room, plunged apparently in a stupor of emotion; then, as if shaken out of it by a return of conscious suffering, he passed in a couple of strides to the door of the library. Here, however, with his hand on the knob, another impulse stayed him—kept him irresolute, listening, drawing his breath in pain. Suddenly he turned away—Tony Bream had come in.

(To be continued.)

The official returns of the statistics of the railways in the United Kingdom for 1895 shows that the amount of paid-up capital invested in them was a thousand million pounds sterling. The total length of the railway lines, including double lines, exceeded twenty-one thousand miles. The gross traffic receipts for the year amounted to £81,396,000, but the net income or profit was about £38,000,000, including rents, tolls, and other subsidiary receipts. The number

of passengers carried was 929,771,000, besides season-ticket holders; there were 29,990,000 first-class, 58,568,000 second-class, and 841,213,000 third-class passengers. The holders of season-tickets or periodical were 1,197,000, paying £2,760,000. Of the traffic earnings, £3,034,000 came from first-class passengers, £1,935,000 from second-class, and £23,796,000 from third-class. Compensation for personal injuries cost less than £121,000, and for damage or loss of goods £232,000. No dividend has been paid on forty millions of ordinary share capital invested in railways, and the dividends on seventy millions of other share capital are below the rate of 3 per cent.

Cyclists are complaining bitterly of the treatment they receive from English railway companies. The French companies carry bicycles as luggage, and the consequence is that many a cyclist in France never pays more than ten centimes for the transport of his machine. In England he has to pay for it as if it were a dog. This is not the only way in which the French show their superiority to red tape by increasing the facilities of cycling in their country. They are not quite so amenable to the spirit of the time in regard to boating. Some Englishmen who took their boat down the Seine from Paris found that they had to get permission from the local *préfets* in order to pass through the locks. On a canal they were gravely informed by an official that canals were intended for commerce, and not for idle excursions.

The Benchers of the Inner Temple have long wished for a more commodious entrance to the Inner Temple Hall, and at last the necessary structural alterations are in full progress. A handsome new doorway is being made below the Library and facing the gardens. This entrance will give direct admittance to the Parliament Chamber and the Hall.

THE LONGEST REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

It would, to some minds, have seemed inappropriate, almost invidious, to appoint a formal public festive celebration in September 1896 of the bare fact that her Majesty Queen Victoria had reigned a day longer than her grandfather, George III. That respectable King was on the throne from Oct. 25, 1760, to Jan. 29, 1820, a longer spell of sovereign dignity than any of his predecessors enjoyed; the nearest to him in the duration of their nominal—in some cases actually interrupted—reigns being Henry III., who was crowned on Oct. 28, 1216, and died in 1272; Edward III., from 1327 to 1377; and Elizabeth, from 1558 to 1603; but if we deduct periods of minority, temporary depositions, as of Henry VI. in his titular forty years' reign, and the Regency from 1812, during the personal disability of George III., the happily prolonged sovereignty of our present gracious Queen is almost unexampled. Louis XIV., indeed, became King of France in 1643, being then a young child, had a long minority, and died in 1715. Victoria began her reign on June 20, 1837, and will next June have completed its sixtieth year—one year more than George III., several years more than the actual rule of Louis XIV., and some ten years beyond the time either Henry or Edward, third of their names, can be said to have really held the royal sceptre. But scarcely in ancient or modern history will any monarch be found who has presided, with the full intelligence of the adult mind, over such a course of advancing national prosperity—that of France in the last years of Louis XIV. having been seriously impaired—and certainly the world never before experienced sixty years of such progress in general improvement, in Christendom at any rate, or of such growth and extension, as well in territorial dominion, in population, and in wealth of different communities of civilised mankind. The political and social conditions, the industrial and commercial resources, the means of education and diffusion of knowledge, and the facilities of conveyance and communication over land and sea, have been immensely advanced not only in Europe but in every other quarter of the globe, during the Victorian reign, to the benefit of other nations along with our own. All that will make it a glorious time in history, come whatever may in the twentieth century; and not in England alone, nor only in her Colonies and Indian Empire, now including nearly three hundred million souls, but also on foreign shores where British influence is felt, this reign will shine in the view of posterity as the brightest day that has yet cheered collective humanity. *Vivimus*, not in vain; let the morrow take thought for its own.

It is a high privilege, truly, for one human being, whose character and sentiments are worthy of her exalted rank, and who has the sympathising kindness of womanhood combined with the steadfast integrity of purpose and the deliberate prudence of manhood, to have sat almost sixty years upon a throne which is, if not the most powerful by its military forces, yet invested with the greatest moral influence, and surrounded by the happiest subjects, of all the kingdoms on earth. Queen Victoria excels in this public felicity every other monarch; such is her position. To compare her merits or performances with those of sovereigns more directly responsible, in their own persons, for the conduct of their Governments, would be a futile pretension. Among her contemporaries, for example, we must regard with sincere esteem one like Francis Joseph of Austria, in the noble, patient, firm, but gentle management of a task perhaps

the Councils of State. No Minister here except Lord Palmerston has ever objected to the royal influence in such affairs; and we need not care for the resentment of Prince Bismarck. Upon other occasions, where in forming a Cabinet the personal claims of eminent candidates for the highest office, apart from the ascendancy of a party in the House of Commons, might cause a difficulty, her Majesty's decision is usually final, and this may have some effect on politics. The Queen's indirect share in many State matters



Photo W. and D. Downey, Enry 't est.

FOUR GENERATIONS: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK.



Photo W. and D. Downey, Enry Street.

FOUR GENERATIONS: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK, WITH THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

more difficult and complicated than that of any other ruler in Europe; while to the young Czar and to the chivalrous German Emperor, respect for their loyal intentions must not be denied. But our Queen has political anxieties, if not patent responsibilities; and in the way of suggestion, private warning, urgent expression of desire, occasional remonstrance, grounded, it may be deemed, upon an acquaintance more intimate than that of her Ministers with the temper of some foreign Courts, her Majesty can influence

is perfectly legitimate, and has often proved beneficial; never has it excited Parliamentary or popular disapprobation, and we know enough of the Prince of Wales to believe that this good understanding will continue in future reigns.

Looking at the long reign of Victoria in its personal aspect, everybody, including those old enough to have witnessed its commencement, must have seen in it one of the most interesting and admirable examples of the life history of a royal lady, a wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, with as large and distinguished an offspring as woman can desire, and with as much family affection and esteem as is possible, in all likelihood, between such numerous and various members of one illustrious house. More than fifty Princes and Princesses already owe their birth, in three generations, to the wise and happy marriage, on Feb. 10, 1840, of the Queen, in her twenty-first year, to her cousin, the late Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha. Four sons, one of whom, the Duke of Albany, we have lost, and five daughters, of whom Princess Alice, Duchess of Hesse, has been taken away—thirteen German grandchildren and nearly thirty born in England—with several babes of princely houses, both in this country and on the Continent, great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria constitute a truly magnificent family, of which any woman might be prouder than of being the greatest of Queens. If many of them prove to have inherited some, at least, of her Majesty's noble qualities, millions of people in Europe besides those who come after us here in the United Kingdom will find it an addition to the happiness of their lot, and ought thereby to entertain friendly feelings towards Great Britain, whose wish it is, and has been since Queen Victoria's reign began, to live at peace with all foreign nations. The historical and biographical incidents of her Majesty's grand and amiable career in the sovereignty of the British Islands and of the vast world-wide Empire connected therewith have been so frequently related, and those anecdotes, of things we saw and heard, many of us, have so long become "familiar as household words," that any detailed chronicle of her Majesty's long and illustrious reign is unnecessary, and, indeed, too vast a theme for our present purpose, which is one of loyal commemoration merely. It would not be easy for us, with the utmost sincerity of feeling, to give adequate expression in concluding these remarks to the sentiments that must prevail among all classes of her Majesty's loyal subjects in anticipation of the proposed great national festival in the month of June 1897, upon the anniversary of her accession to the throne. Whatever may happen before that date, of this we are very sure: that Queen Victoria, holding as she does—to quote the late Lord Tennyson—"a nobler office upon earth than arms, or power of brain, or birth could give the warrior kings of old," will have continued during her whole life and reign to deserve all the praises, and to justify all the claims to reverence, as Queen, wife, and mother, that have been proclaimed by a thousand voices, and that have obtained deep reverence in many thousand hearts. Of her it will always be testified that while "her life was serene, and her Court was pure, God gave her peace, and the land reposed" beneath the sceptre of a good and noble woman.

THE LONGEST REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"



THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN THE THRONE-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY, 1837.



THE YELLOW DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS
IN THE ROYAL CLOSET, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT ATTENDING SERVICE
AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, 1841.

EARLY INCIDENTS OF HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.

THE LONGEST REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"



AGED FIFTEEN.
From a Drawing by J. R. Herbert.



AGED TEN.
From a Drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.



AGED TWELVE.
From a Drawing.



AGED SIX.
From a Painting by William Fowler.

THE QUEEN WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA OF KENT.

THE LONGEST REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"



From a Drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.



From a Painting by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.



From a Painting by W. C. Ross, A.R.A.



From a Miniature by H. Colten.

THE QUEEN AT THE BEGINNING OF HER REIGN.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE GUN-BOAT "MATEMMEH" PASSING UP THE SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant N. M. Smyth, Queen's Days.

The vessel is being guided through the Alenagiri Channel by the Kobi Arabs, standing either on sunken rocks or upon inflated skins.

THE REAL SHAH.

AS PORTRAYED BY THE PERSIAN MINISTER.

There was so much that was splendid, so much that seemed to the English eye positively gorgeous in the personality of the potentate of Persia and the progress he made through Europe on two memorable occasions, that her Majesty's subjects could not help feeling an interest in him after he had gone back to his own dominions, and a sincere regret at his untimely end. That interest may be thought to extend to his successor, but so little is known of his aims and his country (writes a representative of *The Illustrated London News*) that I found myself one afternoon in the residence of the Persian Minister to England with the intent of learning more about them.

The despotism of the Shah—that is to say, his absolute power over his people—is a hard and dry fact difficult for the English mind to overcome, and it was on that point that I tackled his representative.

"There certainly is no overcoming that view," he said, as he settled himself in his easy chair and tilted his fez slightly over his brow. "But another fact remains—that his late Imperial Majesty was absolutely loved by his people, and surely, in defiance of your Western suspicion of everything Oriental, you must allow that a sovereign's subjects are the best judges of his character."

"How was the Shah's popularity evidenced?" I queried.

"In the eagerness with which his jubilee was anticipated; in the universal lamentations that followed his untimely end; in the addresses of condolence that emanated

handicapped by the traditions of an ancient civilisation. For Persia, above all countries, is very jealous of its institutions, and it is forgotten that some things that are a boon to the West would not only be repugnant to Eastern peoples, but positively productive of results diametrically opposed to those that were intended."

"Then, what Western ideas are beneficial to Persia?" I asked.

"The telegraph, to begin with. There are now over four thousand miles of line, with nearly a hundred stations. The telegraph enabled the Shah to come into the most intimate contact with the people throughout his dominions, which, I may note, are five times the size of the United Kingdom. The chief of the telegraph in every town and village was an independent official who would be the dread of an unjust Governor and the terror of a capricious magistrate; for, although having the strictest injunctions not to interfere in their affairs, he had orders to telegraph daily the main incidents of the district, and his own comments upon them. These communications were not addressed to the department from which Governors receive their appointments. The Ministry of the Telegraph (for this department is important enough to be administered by one of the ablest and most trusted of his Majesty's Ministers) had to deal with these communications, and after strict examination, when their impartiality was proved they were submitted without intervention to the Shah.

"Take, again, the postal system, which was started in 1877. This also brought the Shah into contact with his people. In every town he placed an iron safe, in which the people might drop petitions about their grievances. These safes were consigned at intervals to the capital, and opened personally by the Shah, who alone kept the keys. Then the Shah was keen on education. During his reign (about thirty years ago), for the first time in the history of Persia, some forty grown-up Persians were sent to the different capitals of Europe, chiefly to Paris, to study all the arts and sciences with a view to teaching them in Persia. On their return, translations were made of standard books, which have ever since been used in special colleges established in all the principal towns at the expense of the Government for the spread of knowledge and European languages. The University (*Darn-al-funun*) in Teheran is a typical specimen. Besides all sciences, which are taught from translations by Persian professors, each European language has a number of teachers from the respective countries. Medicine is successfully taught, and music enters into the curriculum. Military training is also given, although each town has a separate college for the subject. The Shah was so keenly interested in all this work that he never missed an opportunity of being present at the distribution of prize medals twice a year after the examinations. Great was the rejoicing of the successful student who was to receive honours on those days, for he was sure to hear the voice of his Sovereign raised in approbation and encouragement if he had so acquitted himself as to deserve it."

"Has the bank which the Shah granted a concession to an English company to form been a success?"

"A great success. The people show complete confidence in it, and the working of the mines—cinnabar, petroleum, and borax—for which it has a concession, although mining operations have been temporarily suspended, will in future do much for the extension of the trade of the country. So far the bank has not lost a penny."

"What of the army?"

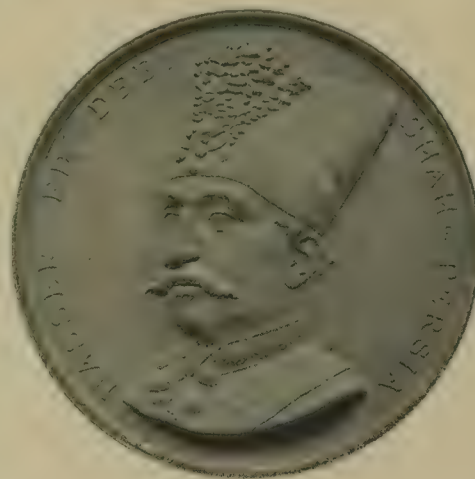
"Its organisation and the creation of some regiments of cavalry dressed and drilled on the system of Russian Cossacks, and the introduction of breech-loading rifles and Krupp guns for the use of the imperial troops, are some of the services the Shah rendered to the military power of his nation. But he did more by peace than war. The enlargement to about five times its original size of the town of Teheran, the laying out of the new parts on European plans, and the bringing water from the mountains, are some of the works which were conducted purely out of his private purse. Such improvements will never be forgotten by his subjects."

"But he had colleagues to give him the benefit of their counsels, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, very able ones indeed; and none more so than the present Premier (or *Sadr-Azam*, as he is called), Amin-es-Sultan. Three master minds have to be reckoned with in the destinies of modern Persia—the late Shah, his successor, and the Premier. Amin-es-Sultan has been the chief officer of State for the last fifteen years, although the title of Premier was conferred on him only four years ago. He is about five-and-forty years of age, and has what is a great primary recommendation in the eyes of Persians, an ancient and honourable line of ancestors. His father, I may say, held the same position for many years until the time of his death. He is popular with all classes. A deeply religious man, he is recognised by the priesthood. His personal charm of manner has made him a favourite in Court circles. At his receptions, for instance, he has a kind word and the friendliest greeting for everybody; his literary ability—for he is a great poet—has secured for him the support of the cultured classes, while his generosity has endeared him to the masses of the population. Let me give you an instance. The town of Kûm, which is about a hundred miles distant from the capital, is a sacred shrine, and a perpetual stream of pilgrims finds its way thither from all parts of the country. Well, the Premier, at his own expense, has erected on the road a series of hostels for the accommodation of the pilgrims. All classes may put up there, rich and poor alike, with no expense whatever. Every year he makes a tour of inspection, by which means he meets all manner of subjects, and thus comes into closest contact with the people. Again, when

the town of Kuchan in the north-west was demolished by the earthquake, he liberally subscribed for the relief of the sufferers, and induced the Government to build a new

town a few miles off, all taxes being removed until it had settled down to prosperity. During his term of office not a single act of injustice, over which he has had any control, has been committed; and he died over the death of the late



THE LATE SHAH.

Shah with such tact that there was no disturbance of any kind in the country."

"I hope the present Shah has proved his gratitude."

"He has, indeed, for not only has he retained the services of the Premier, but on the death of the Foreign Minister a few weeks ago, he conferred on him the portfolio of Foreign Affairs."

"And has the new Shah himself administrative ability?"

"Of a very high order. You see, he has been in training a long time, for during the last thirty years—since he was sixteen—he has been Viceroy of the province of Azerbaijan, which comprises about a fifth of the entire country. By a wise arrangement, the Crown Prince is always ex-officio Governor of this province—I say wise, because the post calls forth the highest administrative faculty. Azerbaijan produces men of the toughest type, and it gives the finest men to the army, the infantry and artillery being almost exclusively composed of its people. Now these very qualities call forth a strong hand to direct them. During the troublesome raids of the great Kurdish tribes headed by Sheikh Obeidullah, the present Shah was directly responsible for the suppression of these hordes, who, numbering about eighty thousand, were mainly armed with Martini rifles acquired by plundering the battlefields in the Russo-Turkish War. His Majesty proved his military skill by inflicting severe defeats upon Sheikh Obeidullah (who ultimately fled to Turkey, and passed a miserable life in confinement at Taif, where he died), and dispersing his formidable army, which was devastating the country."

"But has the Shah nothing to fear nearer home? Doesn't the fact that he is only the second son of his father tend to induce his elder brother to revolt?"

"Not at all. You see, your law of succession to the eldest son is a mere convention, not a moral factor at all. The late Shah's eldest son, who is three years older than Muzaffer-ed-Din, never has had any idea whatever of succeeding, because in Persia the heir-apparent must be the son of royal parents on both sides. It may please your English notions, however, to hear that his Majesty's eldest son, Etezzad-es-Sultaneh, a very intelligent and well educated prince, fulfils this condition, and will accordingly succeed his father. But I ought to say that Muzaffer-ed-Din is better qualified by nature for the kingly post than his brother, able as the latter is believed to be as the Governor of a province. He has the kindest disposition, is extremely generous—and he has gained the goodwill of everybody."

"What is he like in personal appearance?"

"He is a powerfully built man, fond of outdoor sports. Deeply versed in theology, he reads and speaks French with greater facility than his father, having studied from his childhood, not only the language, but all that is taught in Western schools, and, fortunately, not at the expense of his Eastern learning, in which he excels. He often amuses him-

self by rendering Persian poetry into Arabic, doing so with the greatest ease and elegance. His theological acquirements have placed him in the good graces of the priesthood; and, like his father, he has studied European politics in the Press of every country."

"Since succeeding has he done anything remarkable?"

"Yes, among the numerous edicts he has issued one is

for the perpetual abolition of all taxes and dues on bread and meat, and another is for the strict observance of the rule that honours and distinctions should be conferred only for merit, and on no account for pecuniary considerations."

"Will he visit Europe?" I asked, for such a ruler seems peculiarly capable of imbibing Western ideas.

"He may go to the Paris Exhibition of 1900."



THE PRESENT SHAH.

from every section of the community, from Jews, Nestorians, and Mohammedans alike."

"What, then, made him so popular?"

"Well, he was an ideal ruler—for Persia. He had an inherited instinct for government. His family, you know, although they have been on the throne for only a century or so, have been the most powerful tribe in the country from time immemorial; and to them the Crown always looked for support. The late Shah, moreover, not only got the highest education that his country could afford—he spoke French fluently—but he made himself thoroughly acquainted with Europe. That dates back to the time when he was Crown Prince, nearly half a century ago, when he paid a visit to Russia, through which he subsequently travelled on three different occasions. He was also three times in Paris—once *incognito*—and, as you know, he twice came to England. But his knowledge of European affairs did not end there. He was a constant, an omnivorous reader of European newspapers, which practically summed up for him the literature of the West. All those in French he could read with ease, and the illustrated weeklies interested him intensely. The other papers were carefully gone over by some of his staff, and all articles likely to interest him were translated into Persian for his benefit, or were read to him while he was at meals. In this way he knew exactly what was doing throughout the world."

"You have newspapers of your own and a Minister of the Press, I believe?"

"Yes, we have several weeklies, which are private enterprises. The Minister of the Press is less a censor in the ordinary sense than a guide of public opinion, so that irresponsible journalists may not make statements which are opposed to fact."

"Do you think that the tours which his Majesty took really enlarged his outlook?"

"Undoubtedly, though I note a tendency in this country to complain that the Shah did not make a wholly new heaven and a new earth of Persia on a European basis. That is to forget the difficulties of the case, for, though the Shah was undoubtedly an absolute monarch, he was



THE PERSIAN PREMIER.

LITERATURE.

THE ART OF C. D. GIBSON.

When you have made a survey of the black-and-white work of living draughtsmen, you are almost bound to come to the conclusion that two men stand head and shoulders above their contemporaries in caricaturing the modes and manners of the English-speaking world. They are both young men—as yet in their early thirties; they have much in common. The Englishman, Phil May, has devoted his attention to the manners of the masses in a way that has long since become familiar to us, and that has put him in a place apart, despite all imitation. He is the Hogarth of Costerdom for all time. The other is the young American, Charles Dana Gibson, who has for the most part confined his observation mainly to the classes, a stratum which the advanced civilisation of his native country has brought out in striking relief. The art of Gibson is a big subject, and this is a little paragraph, in which it is impossible to treat him in all the aspects of his genius. Admit, then, at once his masterly technique as a mere draughtsman, his sense of the value of line, his conception of beauty. But above and beyond all that is the curious philosophy of humour and pathos which he has worked out in his wonderful cartoons. In the representative selection of his works, *Pictures by Charles Dana Gibson* (John Lane)—a volume you turn over again and again with unwearying interest—you will find that Mr. Gibson's philosophy is to be summed up in what Mr. Hardy has finely called "life's little ironies." Taking the highly complex, the highly artificial aspect of American Society—and, for that matter, the capital S society of any modern civilisation—he has brought it into contact with the purely natural impulses of life, notably love and marriage. The clashing of the opposing forces results in ironies, which scintillate into the sad, the cynical, the pathetic. For like all the great humorists, Mr. Gibson's outlook is oftentimes on the border of tears. Take as an example the picture reproduced on a reduced scale here—the old lonely bachelor rising to toast the fair women he has loved. He stands in his fine courtly fashion, at the head of the guestless table, with glass raised, with eyes closed, and he sees them all in conjured-up imagination—the little girl he played with, just as Clare Doria Forey remembered young Richard Feverel; the graceful maiden in her coiffure reminiscent of the early thirties; the placid matron with smooth forehead. Such a picture stands out in strange contrast to many another in which Mr. Gibson typifies a worn-out love in the shape of a dead Cupid, and pipes the penny whistle which Mr. Meredith once played over Richard Feverel. But Mr. Gibson has many points of view. It is, indeed, the variety of his outlook, the subtle adaptation of technique to his subject, the fine characterisation of types, above all the splendid humanity of his humour, never too cynical, never maudlin, that makes him absolutely unapproachable in the medium in which he has chosen to work.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Since *The Lyrical Poems of Wordsworth*, edited by Ernest Rhys (J. M. Dent and Co.), do not contain all of them, but merely selections, the use of the definite article in the title of this pretty little volume might have been dispensed with. There is no other fault to be found with it. The selection has been made with knowledge, skill, and taste, and Wordsworthians will find none of their favourite pieces absent. The size of the volume excellently adapts it to be a pocket-companion for lovers of the poet. Mr. Rhys's introduction includes Hazlitt's interesting account of his visit to Wordsworth and a summary of Coleridge's survey of Wordsworth's "Six Excellences" from the "Biographia Literaria." The notes give briefly the when and the where, as often as is possible, of the composition of each poem.

It is odd to find even a Frenchman writing enthusiastically about Horace without having read him, or at least without having refreshed his schoolday remembrance of him—

Memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
Orbillum dictare.

Yet M. Gaston Boissier, of the French Academy, in his learned and interesting work on *The Country of Horace and Virgil* (Fisher Unwin), speaks of the shabby and snobbish

Nasidienus as though he were Lucullus. "Horace," says M. Boissier, "describes the dinner of Nasidienus, one of those learned in the art of entertaining one's guests," whereas the entire satire is devoted to exposing the pretentious miser's ignorance of that art. This, however, is a small matter. It was something of a no doubt unreasonable disappointment to us to find that Horace and Virgil are little more in the pages of this charming book than what a signpost is to an inn. It is with the classic haunts of these poets and scenes of their poetry that we have to do. Of Horace especially, incomparably the most modern, familiar, and lovable of the classic poets, we can never hear too much, though M. Boissier might fairly reply that Flaccus himself was of that opinion, since he is for ever adding touches to his own portrait of himself in his works—

Quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva patent veluti descripta tabella
Vita.

In a word, those who love the works of Horace know pretty much all that can be known of him, and it is only for these M. Boissier writes in the first section of his work. In the second section his tracing of the origin of the *Æneid* and of the *Ænean* legend is most ingenious, and the whole book is extremely interesting and admirably translated.

It is some time since we have come upon more original work than Mr. W. D. Scull has given us in *The Garden of the Matchboxes, and other Stories* (Elkin Mathews). The most interesting sketch in the volume is, perhaps, "The Escape," but the most amusing is certainly "The Very Great Man." The very great man is interviewed by an artist, who undertakes to divulge nothing of what he hears while sketching the statesman, and, fortunately for us at least, breaks his pledge by recounting an interview with



A BACHELOR'S SUPPER.

Reproduced from "Pictures by Charles Dana Gibson" (John Lane), by permission of Mr. James Henderson.

a working-man deputation. Who the very great man is may be inferred from the statesman's Delphic snub to the deputation. "He asked the spokesman what precise portion of labour he represented, and when he, at some loss, said what trade he belonged to, the very great man said he had entirely misunderstood his meaning, which was, What numerical proportion of industrial operatives, considered in respect of the universal aggregate who were by reason of their several employments entitled to be considered as constituting the Labour party, was represented by the entire deputation then present. Was that quite clear?" By the way, is the following, from the same sketch, altogether in good taste: "He said he considered Mr. Collins as an artist to be the equal of his late dear friend, Mr. Du Maurier . . . the famous artist who had just passed away in the fullness of years and honours?"

A word of welcome is due to a "new and cheaper edition" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) of *Amoryllis at the Fair*, one of the very latest works of Richard Jefferies. He called it "a novel," but this it can scarcely claim to be. It is a series of sketches with only the slightest thread of a story running through it, and it is a story without an end. This he hoped to give it, but was prevented by death. The hero and heroine have just discovered that they are in love with each other when the book closes, leaving the reader in the dark. Round the pretty and innocent Amoryllis is grouped the household of a South-country farm of the old-fashioned English type, who and which, with their rural surroundings, are described as only Richard Jefferies could describe them. The heroine's lover is a gifted and careless London artist of all work, whose Fleet Street career forms a striking contrast to the rustic existence of the dwellers in the farm-house. Interspersed are many of the author's musings on life in general and his own in particular. They are not those of a happy man, but they lend a pathetic autobiographical interest to his pictures of scenes and characters in country and in town.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The latest addition to the ranks of the publishers is Mr. Grant Richards, the son of a well-known Oxford Don, and the nephew of Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. Richards, who has been for some years one of Mr. Stead's assistant editors of the *Review of Reviews*, will include with his earliest publications a book by Mr. Grant Allen and another by Mr. Edward Clodd. Mr. Clodd, it will be remembered, is the gifted author of two pretty books, "The Childhood of the World" and "The Childhood of Religion," and he is also the President of the Folk-Lore Society.

The publication of Mr. William Morris's works by Messrs. Longmans will doubtless give an impetus to the sale of some of the best literature of the Victorian era. One rather regrets that these ten handsome volumes are not absolutely uniform in type and size; as a matter of fact, they are reprints from the original set formerly published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, but they have now a certain uniformity of binding which secures a very agreeable effect on one's bookshelves. I hope, for the sake of Mr. Morris's æsthetic sense, that these volumes may escape the ignominy of the hideous Silver Library, in which series Cardinal Newman, Mr. Rider Haggard, and a host of incongruous persons are all arrayed in perhaps the ugliest cover that was ever designed by a high-class firm of publishers.

Among the forthcoming publications of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. will be included a book by Mr. L. F. Austin entitled "At Random." As its name implies, this is a volume of miscellaneous journalism, much of which has appeared in the very brilliant causerie which Mr. Austin contributes every week to the *Sketch* newspaper. Mr. Austin, who is one of the most accomplished of our younger journalists, is, during the temporary absence of Mr. Henry Norman on a holiday in Scotland, acting as Mr. Massingham's assistant editor on the *Daily Chronicle*.

When passing a book-shop the other day I noticed quite a new copy of the standard edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," in ten volumes, marked down from twenty-five shillings to thirteen shillings and sixpence. This might be considered rather ominous for the fate of Mr. Andrew Lang's forthcoming biography of Lockhart, were it not that Mr. Lang is very certain to resuscitate an interest in Lockhart's great work. Lockhart's "Life of Scott," it cannot be said too often, is one of the half-dozen greatest biographies in our

language, and it is little less than a calamity that it should not pay to publish editions of it at the present time.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has been staying for some time at Dover, where he has written a short story for the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*, and has revised his "Pursuit of the Well-Beloved," the story which appeared as a serial in this Journal.

Mr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll sail for New York on Sept. 26, whence they travel straight to Canada on a visit to Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, at Ottawa. The journey, which in the natural course of things would have commenced in the States and concluded in Canada, has been altered on account of the circumstance that Lord Aberdeen, who naturally desires to dispense hospitality to Mr. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll, will be making a journey to British Columbia in the middle of October.

Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, whose gifts as a prose writer and as a poet are now generally acknowledged, thanks largely to the eloquent intervention of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Coventry Patmore, has just written an introduction to a new edition of Mrs. Browning's "Poems" which is to appear in a popular series. Mrs. Meynell, who is now on a visit to Mr. George Meredith at Box Hill, is also engaged in collecting her various articles concerning children, which will be published by Mr. John Lane in the autumn, perhaps under the title of "The Young Child," perhaps under the title of "The Spring-time of Life."

Mr. Barry Pain has never yet secured full justice from the public for the fine faculty of humour and of pathos which he has at command. A long novel by him which Osgood and McIlvaine are shortly to publish will doubtless secure to him a fuller recognition.

C. K. S.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Coming events are said to cast their shadows before. The manufacturers of plaster busts and statuettes in the French capital have done better than that. In view of the impending event of the Czar's visit they have cast a "substance before" in the shape of an effigy of Nicholas II. One of our foremost Paris contemporaries announced a few days ago the gratifying and all-important fact that the said manufacturers did not know which way to turn, overwhelmed as they were with orders. The article most in demand seems to be a medallion in high relief representing both the President and the young ruler of all the Russias.

For many reasons I am pleased to hear this, for it is a decided improvement upon the state of things of about fifteen or sixteen months ago—I am alluding to the beginning of President Faure's presidential career—when the counterfeit of the worthy Chief Magistrate was a dead loss to its makers, and the various presentments of the late Alexander III. were so much unsalable stock. Our contemporary preserves a discreet silence on the subject, although it was an open secret at the time that a large firm had suffered considerable loss owing to its belief in the readiness of the French to adorn their homes and public buildings and open spaces with the bust of the present Czar's father.

The firm in question cast a life-sized bust of Alexander III. just before the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon, and notified the fact throughout the length and breadth of the land by means of thousands of circulars. The price of the effigy was moderate to a degree; notwithstanding this only one order came—namely, from a station-master near Orleans, who signed himself "Lambert." Of course the bust, most carefully packed, was immediately despatched. Three days later the firm was informed that it had been the victim of a joke—that there was no station-master named Lambert along the whole line of the Orleans Railway.

As for M. Faure, up to a week or a fortnight ago, he fared not worse than any of his predecessors, with the exception, perhaps, of Adolphe Thiers, and his bust only sold when he ceased to be President—namely, during the three years and odd months after his resignation, when he practically belonged to the Opposition. We must not lose sight of the fact that we are dealing with a nation the backbone of which—namely, the smallest bourgeoisie and peasantry—do not spend their *sous* impulsively. We must also bear in mind what Madame Emile de Girardin said more than fifty years ago with regard to this nation's attitude to its rulers: "When Marshal Soult is in power, he is said to have lost the battle of Toulouse; when he is in the Opposition he is said to have won it."

The inquiry about the sale of presidential effigies pursued about February or March 1895, appears to have brought no facts to light about Marshal MacMahon's bust, but that of his immediate successor, Jules Grévy, does not appear to have sold well at any time. And although there was a strong current of opinion at the date of his fall, at the end of 1887, that he was more sinned against than sinning, there was no rush for his bust. It wanted a heinous murder to make the bust of Carnot sell, and that one was in reality a work of art, for the model was prepared by a great sculptor—I do not remember his name. Nevertheless the firm which launched upon the speculation never sold more than a hundred copies, forty of which went within the week after his death.

Casimir-Périer's bust had not a fair trial perhaps, for by the time it was ready the original was ready to vacate his high office, and the circumstances of his resignation were not calculated to secure his popularity with those who constitute the clientèle of the dealer in cheap art ware. In short, not one of the effigies of the six Presidents of the Third Republic "has paid its way," to use a trade phrase; on the other hand, the statue of "Marianne," otherwise the Republic, always pays its expenses. Not that the people themselves invest their money in it; but a new idea in connection with the lady is sure to

appeal to the Government, and, as a matter of course, there follows an order for several thousand copies to be placed at the mairies, schools, court-houses, etc. George Sand's son-in-law, Clesinger, modelled one years and years ago; it is still in vogue, and it is no uncommon thing to see it placed opposite the "later idea" in the hospitals and other public buildings. I was a couple of years ago in a very large provincial town. I will not be certain that it was not Havre, and each room of the Town Hall contained a differently modelled bust of the Republic.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am penning these lines at the Hôtel Victoria, Davos Platz, whither I have come to enjoy the hospitality of Dr. Lunn and to deliver a lecture to the English colony here assembled, bent on holidaying, combined with a little intellectual recreation and musical enjoyment by way of

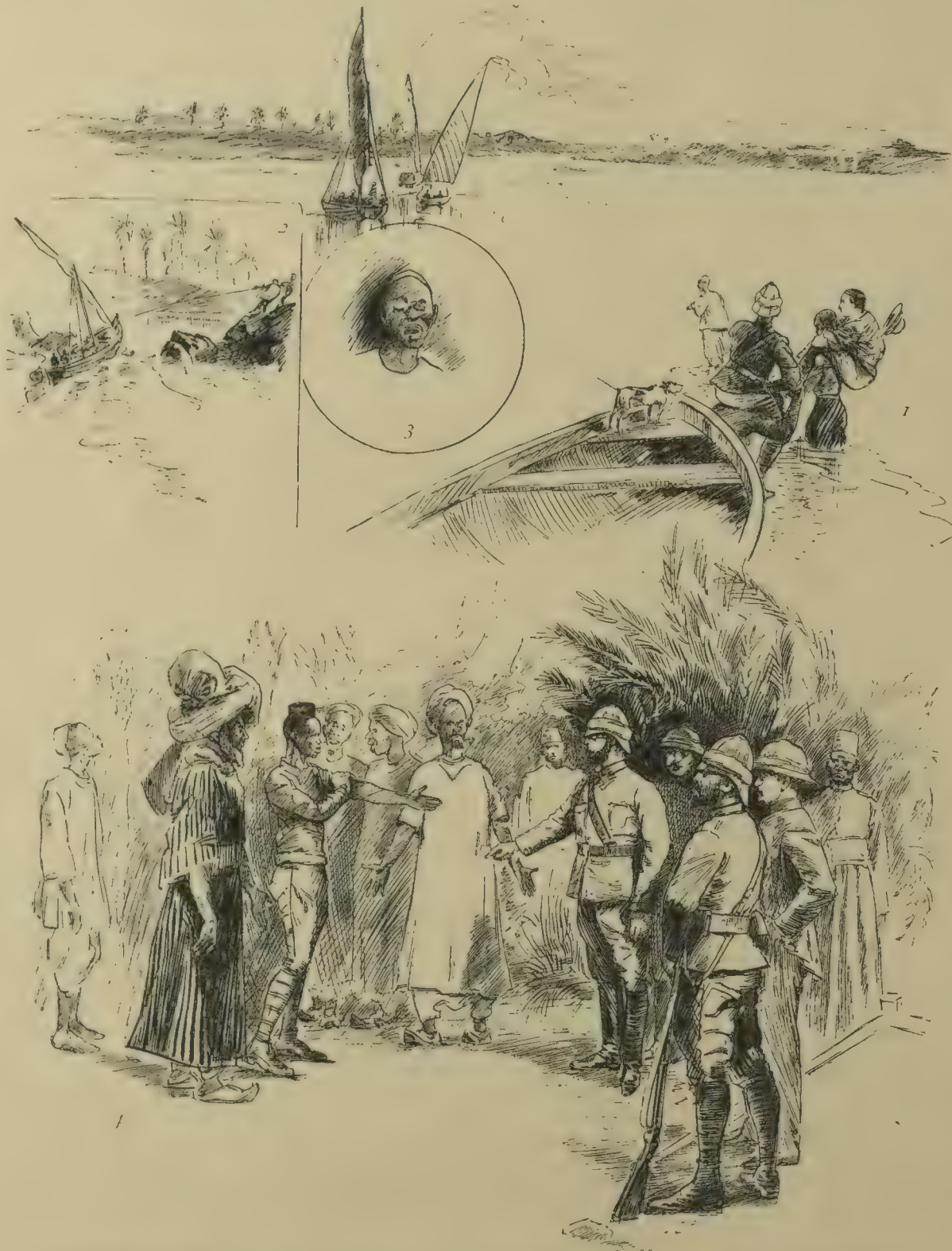
If one were tempted to doubt the high degree of civilisation to which Davos has attained, the doubt would be dissipated by the fact that a shop exists for the sale of "American drinks," and on a board conspicuously displayed in front of that emporium one reads that the familiar "cobblers" and "ticklers" and other Transatlantic beverages, whose names are as sparkling as their taste, may be obtained in perfection. Even the canny Scot is duly purveyed for, and Scotch oatmeal and the wine of his country can both be obtained in Davos. What more, indeed, can the heart of a man (hailing from north of the Tweed) desire? The Curhaus is large and well appointed. In front of it there is a charming shelter built in the form of a semicircle, where those who are ailing can rest in peace and safety, protected from the winds and chills, and inhaling in comfort the bracing restorative air, which, practically germless I should say, acts as a balm to weakened lungs.

It forms a curious bit of medical history to note the evolution of the opinion that a pure clear cold atmosphere exercises on the lungs of consumptives a healing power of remarkably potent character. I suppose time was when a physician might have been deemed little short of insane had he proposed to send a consumptive away up into this or any other Swiss valley. But the value and advantage of this climatic treatment are now fully recognised, and each returning autumn brings its quota of the afflicted, while some remain here wellnigh all the year round. The percentage of cures in suitable cases is high, but, of course, there are those who go under, their sufferings, perchance, relieved and life a little prolonged by the tonic air and quiet life of the place. To-day I walked to Clavadel, a charming spot in truth, and on the way I passed into the pretty cemetery that overlooks the valley. There one reads on the tombstones the records of the early passing away of those who had, perchance, come too late for hope of cure. A row of English graves runs along one side of this mountain God's acre. The average ages of the departed ones varied from thirty to thirty-five. They sleep well and quietly here on this mountain-side, who have gone to their rest away from the homeland and the friends whose hopes of their return were destined, alas! never to be realised.

But the other side of things is cheering indeed. Davos has many, many a tale to tell of its patients sent home cured and well, when probably no other mode of treatment save that of breathing the pure air and of careful medical supervision of their physical well-being would have sufficed to stay the progress of the fell disorder. And for those who are not consumptive at all, for those who are run down and weary, to whom work is distasteful, and even the taking of pleasure a trouble and a vexation, let me recommend a holiday at Davos. Personally, I have never experienced anything equal to the invigorating and

restorative effect of the clear mountain-air of Davos Platz. What I am very desirous of advocating is the advantage of Davos as a summer resort. Dr. Lunn tells me they could accommodate 2000 people in the hotels here, and the Swiss summer is typically a delightful time. You have the most charming walks around you, and you can do mountain-climbing either on a moderate or on a small scale, as may suit your strength and your predilections. Within an easy distance you can study the glaciers and receive an object-lesson such as you will never forget on the plasticity of ice, and the eroding and transporting action of the ice-river as it slowly flows down the mountain gorge to end in the valley below.

And to crown all, you will not find Davos Platz an expensive place. It is not nearly so expensive as a fashionable English resort, and if you really desire a home from home when at Davos, be advised by me and live at the Hôtel Victoria, where Mr. and Mrs. Pestalozzi supervise every detail of their establishment, and where Charles, the head waiter, their able lieutenant, is really everybody's friend. There you will pass many days in good company; you will wake to look out on the valley bathed in sunshine, and you will sleep well under the shadow of the eternal hills.



1. Up the River: Landing. 2. Over the Cataract. 3. An Arab Scalawag. 4. A Soudanese Patrol showing his Injuries.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: AN ARTIST'S TRIP TO ABRI.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

passing the evening hours. My friend Professor A. Macalister, of Cambridge, lectured the other evening on an anthropological topic such as he has made peculiarly his own. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, compeer of Darwin in the framing of the natural selection hypothesis, has also given a discourse; and Sir W. Foster, M.P., Mr. R. Le Gallienne, Mr. Whymper, and others have delighted the Davos Platz contingent with talks on the topics to which they have devoted their lifework and to which they have given special study. It is a quaint and interesting place, this upper Swiss Valley. In a few years' time it has blossomed forth into a health resort of high degree. Its evolution from a small village (standing 5000 ft. or so above sea-level) into a well-drained small town, with electric light, large villas, good hotels, a Curhaus of large proportions, and resident English physicians and native practitioners devoted to the cure of the sick, is really an instance of the power of science to draw patients for healing purposes from the ends of the earth itself. Close by is Davos Dorfli, also a place of hotels and villas, and to my mind not half so picturesque as Davos Platz itself; but the whole valley is beautiful. It is a fit resting-place for the sick and the weary, and a place of healing for those who are afflicted with that too common and dire malady of our times—consumption itself.



1. Observing the Eclipse on Karmakuly Island, Novaya Zemlya.

2. The Settlement established by the Russian Government opposite Karmakuly.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

From Sketches supplied by Sir George Baden-Powell.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

Being pre-eminently unselfish, let me first reply to the wants of others, and explain to my amiable correspondent, "Partridge," that I gather from her description of the dress that the Directoire style is the one her soul is hankering for, and I should advise that the collar which turns down at the back be faced with white cloth, the revers also to show the same facing, keeping the white satin merely as a lining, and to fill up the small V at the neck, where it should be covered with a lace cravat; sleeves with a very little fullness at the top, and cuffs of the white cloth would be best, while a very broad belt of black satin ribbon would add a picturesque and suitable note. The black sticks would do very well indeed with such dresses, and the chrysanthemums will, of course, be acceptable; but instead of a white felt hat, which might be unbecoming, I should choose one of green felt, of the three-cornered shape, trimmed with black and white feathers. Patterns of the best green cloth could be obtained from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street.

"Alicia" must be cordially thanked for her letter, and advised to buy a high white chiffon bodice run from neck to waist and from shoulder to wrist into inch-wide tucks set closely together. A satin collar-band and belt would suit her best, and frills of the chiffon should set out from the back of the collar. "Lucia" and "A Fidget" had better apply to Madame Schild, 142, Long Acre; or to Butterick, of Regent Street.

And still, alas! I am up in the North; but not so north as I was. I have journeyed down a slight degree to hear gossip of Doncaster in my immediate vicinity and to be impressed with the charms of tailor-made dresses of black cloth and narrow lines of white stripes in them at half-inch intervals. Two girls dressed in such frocks went to the St. Leger to be much admired by their companions of the male order. Their waistcoats, made of white cloth fastened with white pearl buttons, were terminated at the waist beneath broad black bands, and their hats were small toques of white felt twisted in an indescribable fashion, set closely to the head, and trimmed with groups of black ostrich feathers. The white felt hat is having an enormous vogue, and, speaking broadly, it is becoming to most women, far more becoming than the white straw hat of their summer fancy. A white felt hat upon which I have personal designs is made of the mushroom shape with a moderate brim turned up at the back, bound with a hem of black velvet, the crown trimmed right round with black ostrich feathers, at the base of which shall be folded a scarf of yellow lace tied into a bow at the back to meet the cachepeigne of velvet bows. This, if well arranged to set right on the forehead, and completed with a white Russian net veil with infinitesimal black chenille spots upon it, is bound to be a success. I recommend the notion to my sister women who would achieve a hat worthy of immediate wear, and fit to be allowed to complete the tweed and serge coat and skirt of any detail. I am told that the fashion which obtained last year of trimming cloth dresses and coats with patterns of cloth is now to be further revived, and to an extent improved, by the cloth pattern being traced round with silk of a lighter shade. A pretty cape made in this style I have seen in cedar brown with the pattern outlined with pale yellow silk, the lining of this being of yellow satin, with carnation design brocaded upon it. The appliqué of cloth can be very well treated if outlined with the narrow silk braid of the same colour or of a contrasting shade. Black, for instance, as I previously observed, looks well with white braid; and the dark red has special charms when allied to the very thin braid of black. Indeed, a dark red costume of cloth, with the hem of the skirt adorned with a small design of cloth outlined with black; a jacket to reach but just beyond the hips, and cut straight from shoulder to hem, with a conventional design pointing towards the waist, in the cloth outlined with black braid, the fronts for the shoulders being decorated to match, and the lining of this jacket to be of white satin, displaying a bodice of white satin, with a large ruffle of black satin completing the collar of the coat at the neck, would make an attractive autumn costume. It should be crowned with a black velvet hat, liberally beplumed by the amiable aid of the ostrich. There is a fancy obtaining for the decorations of stamped leather and for kid revers; but as this lacks for me the least attractions, I shall merely chronicle its existence to deplore it. Kid should only be used for belts and for boots. It is not adaptable really for trimmings, and I never can conceive why the authorities periodically endeavour to induce us to regard it more intimately. New leather belts are made of white and traced with coloured jewels. Others even more becoming, perhaps, are of gold galeon, interwoven with the Eastern designs. Neither of these, however, is quite new.

The bolero has really taken a new lease of life. It not alone appears in plain cloth to complete skirts of plaid and fanciful stuffs, but it is being very much used again in lace on the Princess dresses; and I have heard rumours of outdoor coats of elaborate detail bearing boleros of silk guipure traced with jet. Embroideries of all descriptions are patronised, but these naturally involve considerable expenditure. They grow weekly more elaborate, insertions of a sort of silken hem stitching being now interspersed with lines of beads and jewels in a profusion which

undoubtedly makes for prodigality. The dreadful rumour that we were to have jewelled gloves thrust upon our hands is, happily, baseless. One or two enterprising manufacturers have, I believe, attempted to perpetrate such, but we are not yet sufficiently weak to yield to this temptation. I have just been interviewing some delightful monograms worked upon the handkerchiefs of one of my many dearest friends. These come from Paris, and the background of the monogram is oval shaped, and worked closely with innumerable little knots. Upon this is raised the monogram in very fine coloured lines, while the background is encircled with a stitch of another shade. The same notion, which is really founded on the old seal, is applied now to the latest designs in note-paper decoration.

LAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

More correspondents have addressed me on the feather question. "Ouida's" letter is perhaps the most interesting. She reminds me that she herself has written against "sport" on various occasions, but, she continues, with characteristic vigour: "Sport, vile and stupid as it is, preserves for its own selfish reasons many races. Fashion,

plentiful domestic ones. Knowing as she does that the day of the osprey aigrette is over, and that in the new fashionable chapeaux the bird-of-Paradise plume is to be the leading feature, this authority takes time by the forelock, and requests me to inform ladies that the tail plumes of the latter gaudy tropical bird are being "manufactured" out of feathers of the turkey, and even of the common barnyard fowl! My feelings are as keen for Mrs. Cluck-abiddy of the farm-door as for the most gorgeous denizen of Eastern climes. Why not tears for the harmless hen too? But presumably the Bird Protection League, which only feels for foreign feathered life, will be placated by this tale.

Finally, among my very interesting correspondents I may mention Mr. Josiah Oldfield, who, approaching the subject of the subjection of the life of the lower animals to man's pleasure from the extreme humanitarian point of view, maintains that not only is it needless, and thence immoral, to kill for human food, and wicked to slay for human amusement, but that it would be easy to dispense with any portions of the bodies of the lower animals in our clothing if we would but give ourselves the trouble to find substitutes in the vegetable and mineral worlds. He gives a list of articles

that were once made of leather, and that now have been proved to be better made of some other substance—and an impressive catalogue it is, including articles so various as buckets, bottles (the name of "leather bottle" to some ancient inns being now the only remaining trace of what was once the chief means of holding fluids in this country), tyres of vehicles, driving bands for machinery, and men's breeches. Boots are now the only supposedly indispensable articles of clothing made of leather, and Mr. Oldfield has been experimenting on all sorts of substances to replace the skin of the ox in this direction. He has tried soles made of asbestos, india-rubber, rope plaited, and other substances, and believes that at length he has found a suitable vegetable material.

Madame Nansen, the wife of the explorer, is a teacher of music, and has pursued her occupation during her husband's absence. Women in Sweden, as elsewhere, are now workers in great numbers. In the last ten years the census shows that the number of Swedish women working for pay has increased by no less than 35 per cent. It was a happy thought of the good Queen of Sweden to have Nansen's little baby (who, when he went away, was so small that the only remembrance of her that her father could take was a crying fit that he received into his phonograph) ready to make his acquaintance in the royal palace. But the Swedish royal family is one of the most homely and gracious in Europe. It will be remembered that the King of Sweden is the descendant of the only one of the generals that Napoleon turned into kings who managed to keep his place on the fall of the conqueror of Europe. The Queen, though of older royal blood (being a Princess of Nassau), is very democratic. It was by her influence that one of her sons was permitted to marry a young lady of comparatively humble station; and at one time, when her Majesty was suffering from nervous debility and was ordered by her physicians to take a great deal of active exercise, the form of it that she chose was making the beds and sweeping the floors of her own apartments. Her happy thought for the explorer was characteristic.

A delightful piece of news for all whom it may concern is the opening of the bathing from the end of Brighton pier to swimmers of our sex. The pleasure of diving into fifty feet of water needs to be felt to be understood. It is good to see that there are plenty of women able to take advantage of the concession; daily, up till ten o'clock, the cabins are in constant demand, and it has become a popular amusement for visitors to go to watch ten or a dozen ladies swimming about with perfect freedom and strength of limb. For poor girls, facilities for learning to swim in large towns are still imperfect as compared to those open to boys. With a little cost and trouble, provision might be made for women swimming in the lakes of our public parks, as men and boys do. Even those who live near rate-supported baths find that these are only open to girls at low prices for two or three hours a week, while boys can bathe for twopence or threepence at any time. Brighton pier-head may lead on to reforms for the masses in this matter.

For twelve months past there has been excitement in the City of St. Louis over the opening of a new occupation to women. The Fire Insurance Associations of the West have there, it appears, a strong Union among themselves. They call their canvassers and agents by the odd appellation of "solicitors." One of these agents, a Mr. Getz, was ill for a long time, and finally died. His wife did all his work during his illness, and she was appointed to fill his place after his death by the firm, Messrs. Hirschberg, for whom she had thus been working. One of the familiar struggles in such cases then began. Every effort of persuasion was tried on the employers to make them discharge the woman worker, and on their steady refusal, the firm was formally expelled from the Union. Undaunted, they kept Mrs. Getz and worked on independently; no doubt, in the meantime, finding the contest a fine advertisement. At any rate, they did so much business that the Union at last admitted itself too much weakened to go on without them, and they have re-entered with colours flying.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



AN AUTUMN COSTUME.

still more vile and stupid, causes the wholesale destruction of entire races. The wearing of wings and aigrettes is in no sense beautiful. It is barbarous, foolish, and gives the most shameful example to the middle and lower classes that has ever been set by royal and patrician women. All hunters kill the egret in the breeding season because it is then more easily slain. I beg you to weigh these facts, and to remember that two wrongs do not make a right." No doubt, Madam; but my objection to this agitation against feathered hats is that it is magnifying a comparatively very small matter, while paying no attention to the innumerable serious cruelties that exist in our midst. I do not perceive that it is any more a "wrong" to kill for human adornment than it is to kill for the gratification of human appetite or for mere idle amusement; and I complain that the people who bombard me with tracts on "bird protection" say no word as to the far greater quantity of killing that daily goes on for these latter purposes. In fact, they spend money and energy on a comparatively trivial topic, apparently only because it affords a peg for the abuse of the whole female sex that is so popular a modern diversion.

The editress of the *Millinery Record* writes to assert from her personal knowledge that the feathers of rare foreign birds are counterfeited from those of ordinary and



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WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

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CHESS.

J K SPENDER, M.D. (Bristol).—The first two problems to which you refer are absolutely correct, the expert notwithstanding. As regards No. 2730 we cannot do more than give the chief moves in defence, the obvious mates being left out. If, for instance, 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to B 2nd, mate on the move; but if Black play 1. Kt to B 3rd, 2. Q to B 4th (ch), 2. K moves, 3. Kt or R mates is the simple continuation. It would save you much trouble if you gave us credit for knowing what we are about, and for some little sincerity in dealing with our correspondents.

H T BAILEY (Kentish Town).—Problem to hand with thanks. It has some pretty points, and shows improvement in constructive power, but it is still rather too easy for our use.

ALPHA AND SORRENTO.—Your analytical skill has not failed you; there is no solution. 1. R to K B 4th was the intended solution.

W R RAILLEM.—The "prettier one" was the author's, but you have effectually spoiled it. The one you propose, however, is also untenable owing to 1. Kt to K 2nd.

H O O'BERNARD.—1. R to K 3rd will not solve No. 2736, but neither will the move the author intended. For diagrams apply to British Chess Company, Southampton Row, W.C.

W FINLAYSON.—The amended problem seems correct, and shall appear in due course.

F PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—Thanks for further diagram and solution. The answer to your question depends on further consideration of the problem.

P WILSON (Denmark Hill).—Thanks for the game, which shall have our best attention. There seems some misapprehension, however, in reference to your further statement.

W BAKER.—We hope with you that you have now got the problems right, but will report when we have examined them further.

F CULLORIN.—Thanks; we hope to find it a worthy successor of your last.

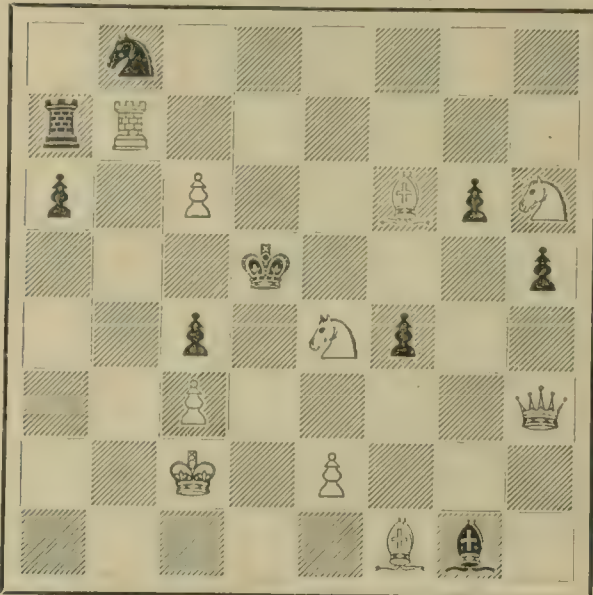
F C BUNDOCK (Windsor).—We will endeavour to make room for the game.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2733 received from S V Semik and the Rev. Armand de Rosset Meares (Baltimore, U.S.A.); of No. 2734 from H S Brandreth, Shadforth, Professor Charles Wagner (Lland), and C E M (Ayr); of No. 2735 from T G (Ware), the Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), Arthur F Harrison, H d'O Bernard, W H Williamson (Belfast), C F R I, Tandiragee, J Hailey (Stony Stratford), J F Moon, J Bailey (Newark), J D Tucker (Leeds), Hopdene, Jo eph T Pullen (Exeter), John M Robert (Crossgar, county Down), C W Smith (Stroud), D Bruce, Robertson (Oban), Castle Lea, and Professor Charles Wagner (Lland).

PROBLEM No. 2736.—The following have sent the author's solution: R Worters (Canterbury), F Anderson, Dr. F St. F James (Wolverhampton), J S. Wesley (Exeter), Alpha, W R Raillem, H T Atterbury, Tandiragee, Sorrento, M Hicloff, and E P Vulliamy.

PROBLEM No. 2738. By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2735.—By F. W. ANDREW.

WHITE.

1. B to B 6th

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

Any move

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Nuremberg between Messrs. SHOWALTER and STEINITZ.

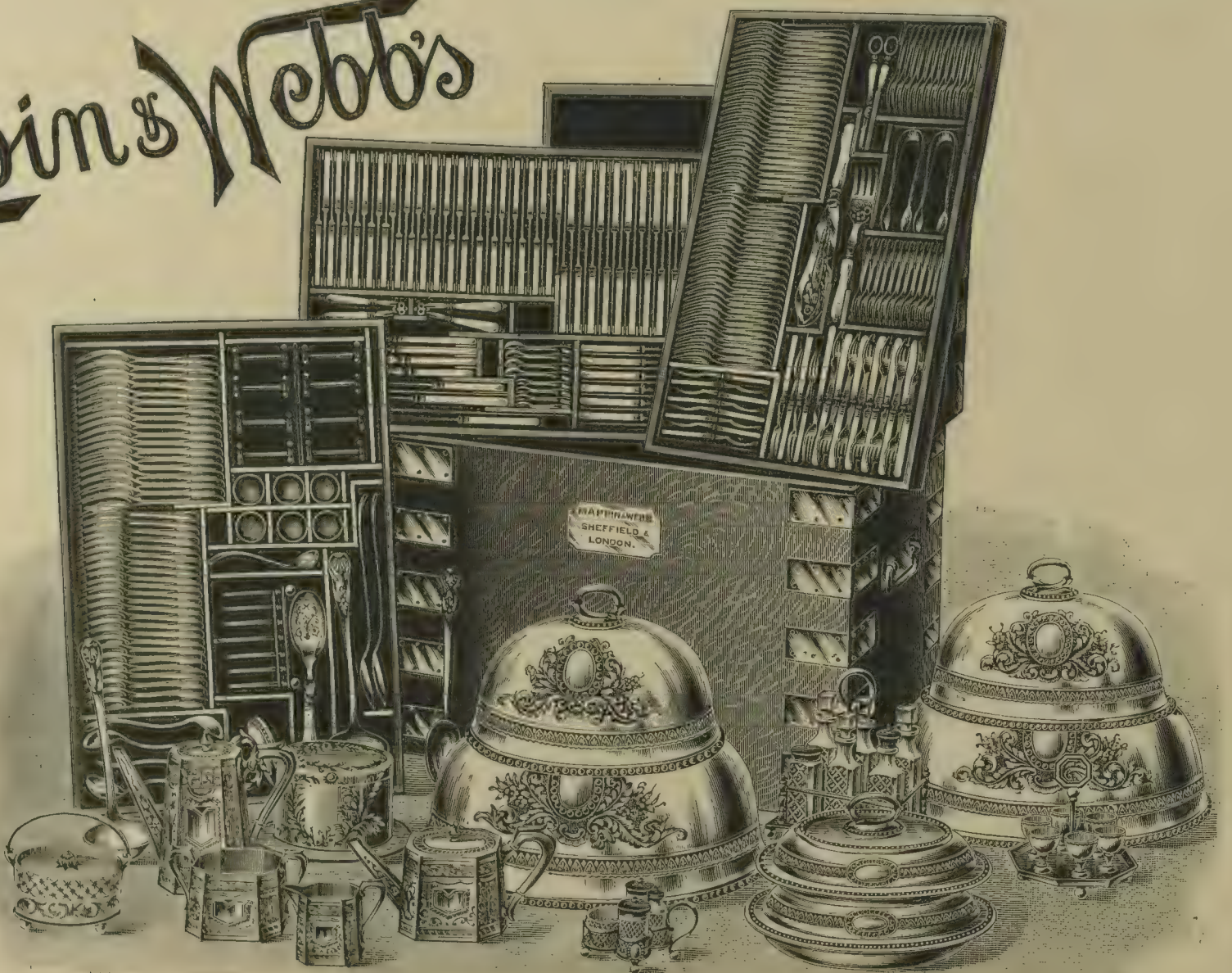
(Kieseritzky Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Steinitz).	BLACK (Mr. Showalter).	WHITE (Mr. Steinitz).	BLACK (Mr. Showalter).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Castles (Q R)	Castles (Q R)
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	15. B to Kt 2nd	B to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	16. B to R 3rd (ch)	B to K 3rd
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	17. Kt to B 4th	
5. Kt to K 5th	P to Q 4th		
Black hardly makes the best defence, which is probably B to Kt 2nd, attacking the Knight, and then P to Q 4th follows speedily.			
6. P takes Q P	Q takes P	17.	R takes R (ch)
7. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 3rd	18. R takes R	Q to K B 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	P to B 6 h	19. B takes B (ch)	Q takes B
The sacrifice of the Pawn is not to be commended, as it cannot be followed up with advantage.			
9. P takes P	P takes P	20. B to Q 4th	P to K B 3rd
10. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Q to Q Kt 3rd	B to R 2nd (ch)
11. B to K 3rd	Kt takes Kt	22. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 2nd
12. P takes Kt	Q takes P	23. Q to K B 3rd	Q to K 3rd
		24. Kt to R 5th	P to Q B 3rd
		25. Q to R 5th	P to Q Kt 2nd
		26. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to B 5th
		27. R to K B sq	B to Q 3rd
		28. P to Q R 4th	P to Q B 4th
		29. B to B 3rd	K to B 2nd
		30. P to R 5th	Q to R 6th
		31. R to K sq	Q to Kt 7th
13. Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd	32. Q to B 7th (ch)	Resigns

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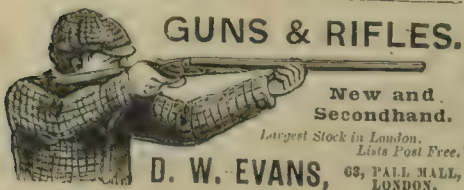


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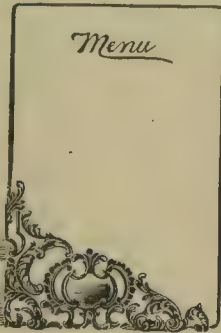


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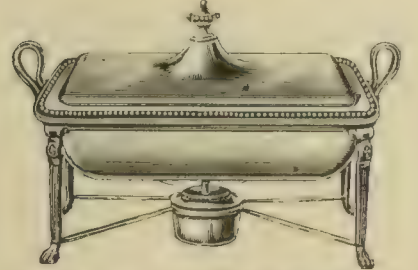
SELECTIONS OF
GOODS
FORWARDED
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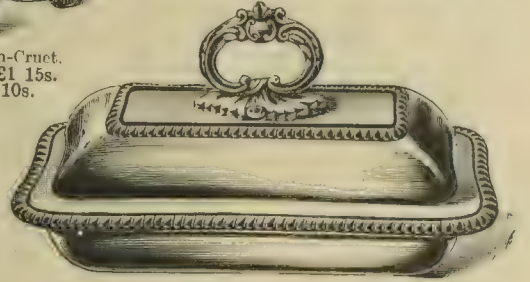
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10 in. ... 14 10 0

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 8, 1896), of the Right Hon. Thomas Augustus Wolstenholme, Earl of Macclesfield, of Shirburn Castle, Oxford, and 94, Eaton Square, who died on July 24, was proved on Sept. 5 by Major-General William Edward Montgomery, the nephew, Nathaniel Tertius Lawrence, and the Hon. Reginald Parker, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £563,658. The testator gives £1500, his house, 94, Eaton Square, with the furniture, etc., therein, an annuity of £2000 in addition to her jointure, and the use, for life, of the Parker Plate and all his jewels to his wife, Mary Frances, Countess of Macclesfield; £500 to his agent, John Watson; £100 each to General Montgomery and Nathaniel T. Lawrence; legacies to servants, and specific gifts of plate, pictures, and jewels to his children. Portions of £35,000 each are given to his children, but large sums advanced or covenanted to be paid for them in his lifetime are to be brought into account. He directs that the Idlicote and Whatcote estates in Warwickshire are to be sold, and the proceeds thereof and a sum of £14,000 are to be held, upon trust, for all his children except his deceased son, Viscount Parker. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his grandson, the present Earl of Macclesfield.

The will (dated April 18, 1889), with six codicils (dated Oct. 16, 1890; June 9, 1892; Dec. 8, 1893; June 29, 1894; March 28, 1895; and Jan. 31, 1896), of Mr. John Charles Blackett, of Thorpe Lea, Thorpe, Surrey, who died

on Aug. 8, was proved on Sept. 4 by John Charles Blackett, the son, Major-General John Edward Rucke Keene, and Captain George Nelson Hector, R.N., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £95,184. The testator bequeaths £200 and the use for life of his household furniture and effects to his wife; £100 to his daughter, Louisa Blenkinsop; £100 each to Major-General Keene and Captain Hector; and his naval books, pictures, models, and relics to his son Henry. He directs that his freehold estate, Thorpe Lea, is to be sold, and the income from the proceeds thereof paid to his wife during her life, and during such time as any part shall remain unsold she is to receive such a sum as with the income from the portion realised, will amount to £1000 per annum. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, but the share of his son Harold is to be less by £5000 than that of his other sons and daughters.

The will (dated April 21, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1893), of his Excellency Christian Frederik Falbe, of Luton, Herts, Chamberlain to the King of Denmark, and Danish Minister from 1880-90, who died on May 27, was proved on Sept. 8 by Carl Adolph Treschow and Carl Adolph Rothe, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England being £50,193. Under the provisions of his marriage contract, he appoints the sum of £30,000, on the death of his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Lucy Falbe, upon trust, in equal shares, for his three children, Ida Andrea, Carl Vigant Tyge, and Christian Frederik Georg William, for life, and then to their respective issue. He gives to

his wife the use for life of his yacht the *Chazalie*, and of his furniture and household effects in London and Luton. One third of the remainder of his property, including his furniture, plate, and pictures, goes by right to his son Carl, and the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 8, 1889), of the Rev. Francis Charles New, of 16, Campden Hill Road, Kensington, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 15 by the Rev. Henry Francis New, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate being £33,648. The testator leaves all his property, estate, and effects to his said son absolutely.

The will and codicil of the Rev. George Sloane Stanley, of Roche Court, Fareham, Hants, who died on July 19, were proved on Sept. 2 by Frederick Sloane Stanley, the son, Major Clement Walker Heneage, V.C., and the Rev. Walter Hugh Earle Welby, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £14,341.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1895) of Mr. John Arthur Kenneth Campbell, M.A., of the Union Club, Trafalgar Square, and of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died on May 10 at Cairo, Egypt, was proved on Sept 1 by Major James Alastair Campbell, the brother, and Lieutenant Noel Arbuthnot Thomson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,894. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his nephew Dayrell B. Pigott; £1000 each to his nephews, Alfred C. Campbell, Ralph Campbell, Victor L. A. Campbell, Noel Arbuthnot Thomson, Charles

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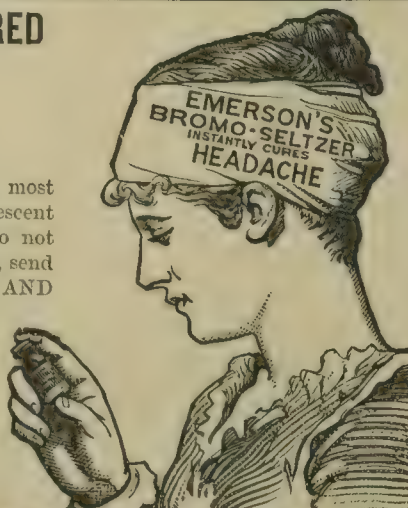
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Lambert Colyn Thomson, Harry Michael Thomson, Robert A. Thomson, Chetwynd B. Pigott, and Launcelot B. Pigott; £500 each to his ten nieces; and specific gifts to his brothers and sisters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his brothers and sisters and his brother-in-law, Colonel Charles William Thomson, equally.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1879), with a codicil (dated Jan. 20, 1893), of the Ven. Joseph Bardsley, Archdeacon of Craven and Canon of Ripon, of the Vicarage, Bradford, Yorkshire, who died on June 23, was proved on Aug. 1 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Hannah Bardsley, the widow, the Rev. Samuel Bardsley Mayall, and the Rev. Samuel Martyn Bardsley, the nephews, and Miss Emily Louisa Bardsley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,663. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for her for life, and at her death to all his children—Mary Lydia Lock, Elizabeth Anne Bardsley, Hannah Maria Bardsley, Emily Louisa Bardsley, and James Jewell Bardsley, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. John Becke, of Northampton, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Sept. 7 by Charles Cecil Becke, the son, and Robert Metcalfe, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,291.

The will of Mrs. Ann Rutter Gillett, of The Elms, Banbury, Oxford, widow, who died on June 3, was proved on Aug. 28 by John Pedbury Gillett, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £3145.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A lively correspondence on clerical poverty has been going on in the *Times*. The facts are summarised in the sentence: "A very few livings can now support their minister, and many even of the more dignified positions of the Church do not supply a maintenance for those that hold them." The saddest thing is that nearly all the suffering is borne in heroic silence. A pitiful story is told of one poor clergyman whose eldest daughter was taken ill. A neighbouring clergyman pressed his friend to call in medical advice. "My daughter will not hear of such a thing," he replied; "and, indeed, we cannot afford to pay a doctor." "Then," said his friend, "allow me to send my medical man, and for Jane's sake to bear the charges." The doctor came, but he was too late. "The girl did not require medicine," he said, "but food." Lord Grimthorpe thinks that the Church lacks funds because her doctrine and ritual are unpopular; but the *Guardian* says that the English laity have been as eager in the movement for the restoration of Catholic ritual as their spiritual leaders. Many who know the rural districts of England will doubt this statement very much. Probably the remedy lies in a sustentation fund, which should, if possible, be national.

Many Londoners will be glad to learn that the restoration of the grand old church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, is now complete so far as the building itself is concerned, and has turned out in every way successful. It is expected that the formal opening will not take place till February.

Unfortunately, the committee have spent all their money, and are heavily in debt.

On a recent Sunday in the parish church of Shoebury—ness an aged couple of parishioners, by their own desire, renewed their betrothal vows at the chancel steps. It was the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day. Before the ceremony the curate-in-charge addressed the worshippers present.

Mrs. Denison, the widow of the late Archdeacon Denison, is in fairly good health, and is now residing at St. Michael's Vicarage, North Kensington, the new home of Prebendary Denison, her nephew, who for twenty-five years was the esteemed assistant priest at East Brent.

The last suggestion of the *Guardian* on the Education question is that all supporters of voluntary schools should demand that in some manner or other the State shall relieve the finances of voluntary schools by taking upon itself in future the entire cost of their maintenance expenditure.

It is not expected that the membership of the Shrewsbury Church Congress will be very large. About one thousand tickets have been applied for, and it is expected that another thousand may be sold. The guarantee fund amounts to £2500, which is considered satisfactory.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has offered the living of Coulsdon, in Surrey, to the Rev. Granville Dickson, who has been so well known for many years in connection with

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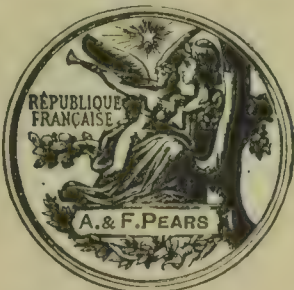
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Representing the consensus of opinion of more than

100 Analysts or Soapmakers, the chief Experts of the world.

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ONLY GOLD MEDAL.

Pears' Soap

The only Gold Medal ever awarded SOLELY FOR TOILET SOAP at any International Exhibition in the world.

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THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from Mercury.

Of Vegetable Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS

FOR BILE,

LIVER,

HEADACHE,

HEARTBURN,

INDIGESTION,

ETC.

A-RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.C.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

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FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH

Pains in the Back, Headache, Nervous Exhaustion, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, General Debility, Nervous Depression—

IN FACT,

ALL CASES OF CONGESTION.

ELECTRICITY WILL CURE WHEN

ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

Recommended by Three Physicians to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and by the most Eminent Men of the Century.

OUR APPLIANCES CAN BE DISCONTINUED AT ANY TIME, WITHOUT ANY REACTION.

BELT and SUSPENSOR, price 60s.

Trial Solicited. Pamphlet Free by Post.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

"Bedford Place, W.C., Aug. 10, 1896.
 "Dear Sir.—I purchased your Belt May 20 last. I am happy to say it has cured me of my entire depression. I waited till now to be sure the complaint did not recur. Now I have no fear. Please do not publish my name; but you may show this letter to inquirers. I shall be glad to let my friends know of the curative powers of your appliances.—Yours faithfully, "R. D."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"Ll-ehryd, Monach, R.S.O., South Wales, April 24, 1896.
 "Dear Sir.—It affords me the greatest pleasure to bear testimony to the efficacy of your Galvanic Battery and Appliances. I had tried so many remedies for my bad case of nervous debility and its attendant sufferings that I despaired of ever obtaining the least relief. One day I was reading, and my eye caught your advertisement. Having obtained but little relief in the past, I was very loth to try another; but I ventured to apply to you, and the result has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. By to-day I am so thoroughly convinced of its value as a curative agent that I can strongly recommend it to anyone whose sufferings are similar to what mine have been. You can refer anyone to me, and I shall be only too glad to bear testimony not only to the efficacy of the Battery, but also to the kindly interest you have always taken in my case. I have lent the Bands to a friend with satisfactory results. Perhaps you would like to use my name; if so, I have no objection.—I am, dear Sir, yours gratefully, "W. D. ROWLANDS.
 "Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., Limited."

SCIATICA.

"Wigtoft Vicarage, Boston, Lincolnshire, April 7, 1896.
 "To Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co.—I enclose a note sent to me by a farm labourer. The chain referred to is one of yours for Neuralgia, Tic Nervous, Headache, etc., which you sent me many years ago. I did not want it for myself, but only for use among poor people. It is the second of the kind I have had from you, and I think its strength is exhausted, or nearly so; but the poor woman has sent it back, and said it did her good. I should like to have another. One of my parishioners, Mr. G. Viner, a tall, stout man of fifteen or sixteen stone weight, who has suffered much at times from Sciatica, on my recommendation, purchased one of your Batteries.
 "I asked him about it one day—he had had it about eighteen months—and he said it had done it for £20; he would rather pay £5 a year than be without one. It relieved him as soon as he had it, and always banished recurring symptoms of attack. He said also that his head had been so much clearer since he had used it. He could do his business much more easily—and he had a great deal to do. He was a grievous sufferer before he had the Battery.—Yours faithfully, "Rev. JOSEPH HATH."

INDIGESTION.

"10, Vincent Street, Birkenhead, March 27, 1895.
 "Dear Sir.—Prior to wearing your Galvanic Belt I suffered with indigestion for twelve years, and for a considerable time all food returned, and I was simply a skeleton. I tried to try and eat my food, and in three days after wearing it I was able to digest my food, and have improved daily.—Yours truly, "Mrs. JONES.
 "J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq."

BRONCHITIS.

"34, Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, N., Aug. 8, 1896.
 "Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co., Limited.
 "Until I used your Electric Belt I was very subject to attacks of Bronchitis, and I looked with dread to the approach of winter; but I was induced last autumn to try one of your Belts, with the result that I have not since been troubled with my old complaint, and my general health has greatly improved.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, "C. J. HAVART."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

"Trafford Road, Salford, July 25, 1896.
 "I have the greatest pleasure in testifying to the curative powers of your Electric Bands. A few months ago I purchased one of your 36s. Combined Bands, and from the first week obtained great relief. Although I have only worn them a few weeks, they have wrought a wonderful change in me. I had previously tried almost every known remedy for Debility and Nervous Exhaustion, and was despairing of finding a cure, until a friend recommended your appliances. It would save much unnecessary pain if suffering humanity knew the marvellous curative powers they produce.—Yours gratefully, "W. H. F. F."

PAINS IN BACK.

"Rosecombe Park, Bournemouth, Aug. 7, 1896.
 "Messrs. Pulvermacher.
 "I had the inclosed Bands of you about seven years ago, and have acquired a new lease of life in the benefit I have derived from them.—Yours truly, "E. D. A."

SCIATICA AND LUMBAGO.

"28, Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W., Jan. 25, 1896.
 "Dear Sir.—My wife desires me to express her thanks for the benefit she has derived from the use of your Battery and Belt. She is now almost free from pain, and is getting back the use of her foot and leg, which were at one time quite useless. She has suffered a great deal from Sciatica and Lumbago, and has tried all sorts of medicine; but nothing seems to have done her so much good as your Battery and Belt. I am quite sure she will be pleased if any other sufferer obtains the same relief from their use.—Yours thankfully, "J. H. GREEN."

PARALYSIS.

"Report of Sir J. Russell Reynolds, late President Royal College of Physicians, London.
 Extract from the Lancet, December 3, page 558, describes a remarkable cure of Paralysis in the right arm effected by Pulvermacher's Chain. Restoration of temperature in the affected arm, and a perfect cure of the patient, empowering him to write in a quick, legible hand. No medicine of any kind was given."

RHEUMATISM.

"Edel Lucy, Lazonby, R.S.O., May 1, 1896.
 "Dear Sir.—All the winter months I was troubled with a stiff joint in my foot, just behind the great toe of the right foot, and could not walk without limping. But after applying your powerful Chain Battery some four or five times to the affected joint I was cured, for I have not suffered since. The Battery has also proved of service in the case of my son, who gave his knee a sudden and violent twist while playing football.—Yours faithfully, "W. H. LOWTHER (Major-General).
 "Messrs. Pulvermacher."

J. L. PULVERMACHER and CO., LIMITED,
 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

the Church Defence Institution. Mr. Dickson has accepted the living, but will not entirely sever himself from the work with which he has been so long associated. The net value of the rectory of Coulsdon is about £400 a year.

Those who know tell us that the Life of Archbishop Magee will be exceedingly interesting. It will throw a strong light on the warmth of the Archbishop's family affections, his letters to his wife being specially delightful. As might be expected, the book is full of good stories, and will no doubt stand out clearly above the average of episcopal biographies—an average which, truth to tell, is not high.

A new annual has sprung up in the shape of the *Jewish Year-Book*, edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs and published by Greenberg and Co. It is exceedingly interesting, and

much of it will be of permanent value. Mr. Zangwill contributes several poems. It is difficult to compile such a work. For instance, many officers in our Army "having names strictly Jewish are not willing to be included." But Mr. Jacobs is indefatigable.

"Martin J. Pritchard," the author of that very able novel, "Without Sin," writes as follows—

While thanking you for your most appreciative notice of my novel, "Without Sin," I must take exception to the interpretation which your critic puts upon the fact that the headlines of the pages bear the word "Immanuel" instead of the title which appears on the cover. The explanatory note, I confess, is misleading, and perhaps this is even a better reason for explaining away the error into which your critic has fallen. I was in no way afraid of the title "Immanuel," which, as he says, is a better name for the book than "Without Sin." "Immanuel" was the first title, and would now be the name of the book but that a translation of a Danish

novel bearing this name was announced just before my book was ready to be published, and after the few rough proof copies were sent out for review. The alteration was not made on any but the title-page, and to avoid reprinting the entire edition the short explanatory note was printed on the flyleaf.

The Prince of Wales in winning the St. Leger with Persimmon has added another success to a racing career that has not been too brilliant. No Derby victory of recent times has been so popular as the Prince's; and one is not astonished to find permanent records of it being made. Thus the well-known firm of Messrs. S. Mordan and Co. have reproduced in enamel the admirable double-page drawing that appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of the Prince leading his mascot. The work has been admirably executed, and although reduced very much of course—for it is used on cigarette-cases and similar articles—it retains in miniature all the qualities of the original plate.

THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE

A Luxury to all who Smoke.

THE NEW GOLD & HALL-MARKED SILVER MATCH-BOXES, WITH THE PATENT "SIRUS" STRIKER.

The "Sirus" will ignite Safety Matches.
The "Sirus" will ignite Wood and Wax Matches.
The "Sirus" will last for years.
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The "Sirus" presents a broad and flat striking surface.

The "Sirus" Patent obviates burnt fingers, and prevents broken matches.
The "Sirus" Patent is Unique.

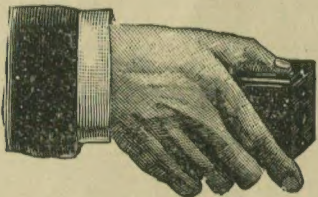
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They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours. 12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

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"GUINEA GOLD" CIGARETTES.

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Inventors and Sole Makers,

PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET

INDISPENSABLE TO ALL TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT

2-PERSON SIZE with Kettle Silver-Plated, £21 7s. 6d.

AS SKETCH all Fittings Silver-Plated, £4 10s.

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N.B.—Either of these "En Routes" fitted with Drews' Patent Railway Attachment

Lid and Fall Tray: 2-person size, 7s. 6d.; 4-person size, 10s. 6d. extra to above prices.

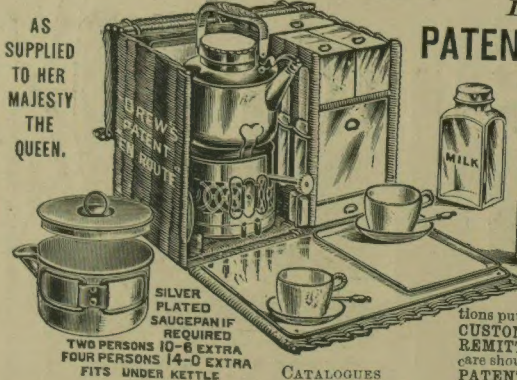
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NOTE.—In consequence of the many cheap imitations put on the market to profit by the fame of Drews' "En Route,"

CUSTOMERS ARE ADVISED TO SEND THEIR ORDERS WITH REMITTANCE DIRECT, or if the order is sent through an agent,

care should be taken to see that the Basket IS OF DREW AND SONS' PATENT MAKE, and FITTED WITH THEIR PATENT

ADJUSTABLE SAFETY LAMP AND STOVE.



DREW & SONS Actual Makers of

DRESSING BAGS | FITTED SUIT CASES | PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS



Women And Women Only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP and to discover new uses for it daily.

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CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR

WOMEN.—The Opening Address of the Winter Session will be delivered at the ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S INN ROAD, on Oct. 1, at 8.30 p.m., by A. BOYCE BARROW, Esq., F.R.C.S., Senior Surgeon. Apply, respecting Scholarships, &c., to the Secretary, at the School, 30, Handel Street, Brunswick Sq., W.C.

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Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks, with prices, sent free.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

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and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S

CURE OF ASTHMA

Established nearly a quarter of a century.

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A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.

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Takes the Machine JUST AS IT IS IN USE, without shifting any of the Parts.

The Crate is about 8 in. wide, except at Pedal Part, where it Broadens out to take Machine.

Made of stout Wicker and Woven Cane, and fitted Rollers on Bottom.

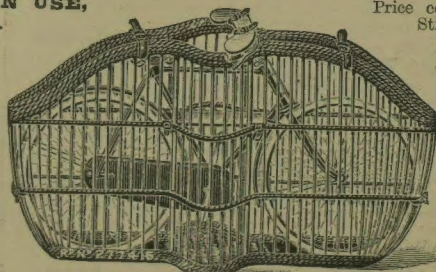
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When Ordering, please state Outside Length of Machine, including Mud-Guard on Back Wheel, and Height of Handle-Bar at Centre.

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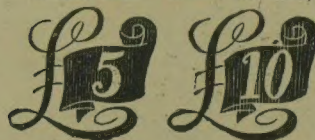
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Selections of Watches or Jewellery on Approval. Sent Free and Safe to all Parts of the World.

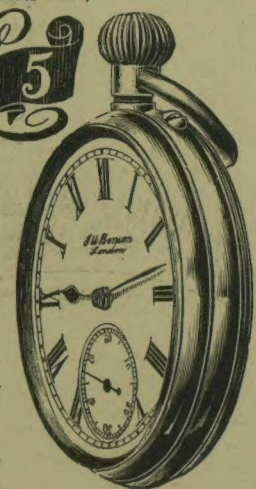
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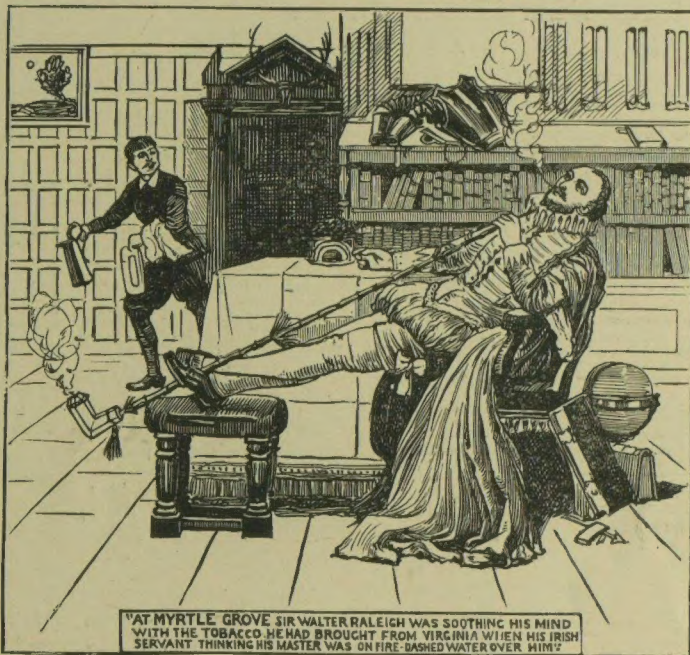
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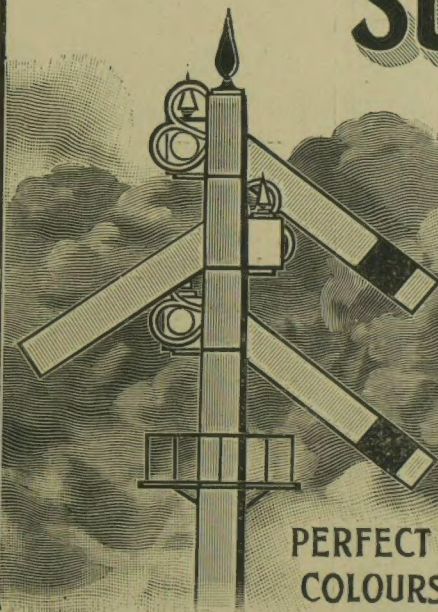


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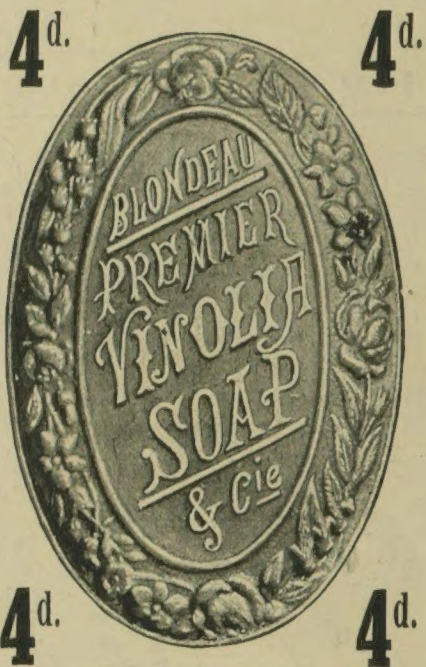
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365 SHAVES

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A STICK
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Is said to Last a Year.



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SUFFER PAIN
WHEN
RELIEF
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OBTAINED?

CORNS,
CALLOSITIES,
AND
HARD
SWELLINGS
UNDER
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ARE ALL
SOON
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OF THIS
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WILL
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ONCE MORE!

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OF ALL
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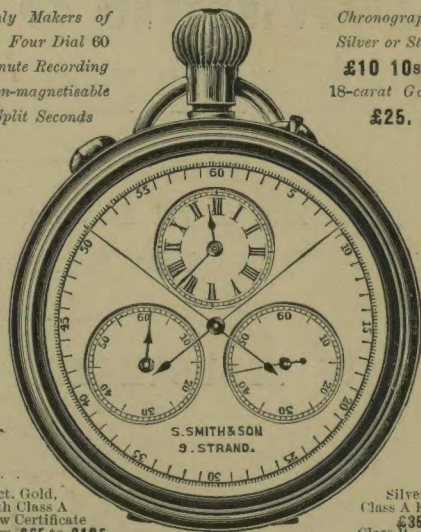
I am, yours most gratefully, ALEX. MURRAY.

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